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JUN 7 1943

THE NEW
STATESMAN AND NATION
The Week-end Review

Vol. XXV. No. 638. [Incorporating THE ATHENÆUM] **SATURDAY, MAY 15, 1943** [Registered at the G.P.O. as a newspaper] **SIXPENCE**

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MEDITERRANEAN SPRINGBOARD

FOR students both of psychology and military tactics it would be of great interest to know what we shall probably learn only when enemy histories of the war are published: at what point did General von Arnim realise that the game in Tunisia was irrevocably "up"? In the absence of certainty it is a fair assumption that this painful realisation must have been driven home to him well before the final, dramatic thrust which carried General Alexander's massed armoured divisions into Tunis. Up to Wednesday of last week, the Axis defensive system, physically strong and fortified by artifice, had sustained heavy blows without breaking; persistent counter-attacks, albeit at great cost, had kept loss of ground within tolerable limits. But the steel hoop which covered the bridge-head from Bizerta to Enfidaville had been hammered hard: dented by the American advance to Mateur, it had been worn dangerously thin by the methodical progress of the admirable infantrymen and gunners of the British First Army through the difficult and tenaciously defended mountains and ridges which commanded the Medjez-Tunis road. Indeed, thanks to their incomparable efforts, the battle may be said to have been won before victory was visible; the armoured stroke which was launched on May 6th and split the Fifth German Panzer Army in two was essentially an exploitation of mastery already in hand.

In planning his culminating attack, General Alexander evidently recognised that he could place no great reliance on surprising the enemy in terms of place or time: the centre of the enemy's perimeter was obviously the key sector, and there had been, before the assault, a significant pause for breath from which the enemy had doubtless drawn the correct inference, since he had apparently grouped all his three armoured divisions astride the Medjez-Tunis road to meet the blow. The one element of surprise which the British commander could invoke lay in unexpected concentration of force at the point of impact. That he achieved by adroitly moving to Medjez a strong detachment (including armoured brigades) from the Eighth Army, whose part in the battle had hitherto been to contain the First (so-called "Italian") Panzer Army in the Zaghouan *massif* behind Enfidaville. The plan was completely successful. A breach opened by an infantry night attack, the armoured spearhead, its path blasted in advance by Air Marshal Tedder's brilliantly organised air co-operation, moved forward with such speed that von Arnim's evident plan of defence—to hold Bizerta as an isolated enclave, and to wheel the bulk of the Fifth and First Armies back, on the Zaghouan pivot, to Cape Bon for a final stand was shattered. The wedge struck in to Tunis as swiftly as the German Panzer divisions moved in Flanders, just three years ago; half the Fifth Army was pushed north-westwards from Tunis into a pocket whose western side was closed by the vigorous advance of the 2nd U.S. Corps from Mateur to Bizerta and the mouth of the Medjerda River. There nearly 50,000 German troops and six general officers, including the G.O.C., Fifth Army, capitulated *en masse*.

It was the next stage, however, which justified even more fully the tactics of General Alexander in adding part of the Eighth Army to the weight and impetus of the First Army's break-through. If the enemy's planned withdrawal to Cape Bon was to be frustrated and his forces were to be conclusively disintegrated, it was essential, on reaching Tunis to have sufficient strength to fan out in two directions—one part of the spearhead to complete the Medjerda encirclement, the other to pursue the remains of the Fifth Army which retreated eastwards from Tunis and, by forcing a way down the Hammam Lif—Hammamet valley, to cut off from Cape Bon the considerable First Army which the troops under General Montgomery and the French had pinned between Zaghouan and Enfidaville. This further exploitation of advantage won was accomplished by Monday evening, when our armour reached Hammamet, over-running and disorganising all resistance *en route*. Cape Bon, with a huge additional haul of prisoners, was quickly secured. The First Army was enveloped and on Wednesday the last resistance collapsed; Von Arnim and his staff were captured; the R.A.F. and the Navy had provided against any German replica of the miracle of Dunkirk.

Thus ends a campaign which has gone more slowly than optimism expected last November, when the Allied landings in French North Africa were announced, but in which the enemy has paid a heavy price for delay secured. When Hitler decided to occupy Tunisia against the Allies he made a defensive move fraught with exactly the same risks, errors and penalties as we incurred in the Malay Peninsula. Division followed division in an effort to equal the Allies' growing strength; hundreds of ships and their cargoes of men and munitions were sacrificed, and many hundreds of aircraft lost. Yet, for all these costly blood-transfusions, the patient died; the Afrika Korps, which the Führer's Hero-soldier, Rommel, led and abandoned has been annihilated, and with it the Axis has lost at least 150,000 men who were added, since last November, to the African stake, whose loss has cost the Axis, since 1940, about 600,000 men.

A single battle won does not win a war—certainly not a war of this magnitude. But the consequences of the Allied victory in Tunisia will certainly be very great. Not merely have we inflicted on enemy forces (of which two-thirds, at least, were picked German troops) a defeat comparable in magnitude to the encirclement of the Sixth Army outside Stalingrad; we have brought about a situation which goes far towards giving us full command of the Mediterranean and provides us in Africa with a great, strategic springboard for offensive operations against the Continent. Let us count our blessings. The achievement of the 18th Army Group will, in itself, do much to convince the almost despairing peoples under Nazi domination that their liberators have force, as well as good will, at their disposal; and—more important still—doubts entertained in Moscow as to the ability of the Western armies to pull their weight in the common struggle should to a large extent be allayed. Not merely have nearly a dozen German divisions been finally liquidated, with all their ancillary troops and great numbers of supporting aircraft; Allied operations against the Continent are now such an obviously imminent threat that, even though Germany may not yet, or in the near future, be compelled to withdraw divisions from the Eastern Front, her ability to concentrate further strength against the Red Army at a critical moment—as was done last winter—can already be said to be impaired.

That, of course, is not the whole story. Though Allied ability to build up great forces in North Africa effectively gives the lie to German claims that the U-boats are a decisive factor in this war, while the enemy's inability to organise any evacuation from Tunisia is eloquent testimony to his loss of command of the Mediterranean, it is well to recognise that the combination of superior land, air, and sea power which we brought to bear on the enemy in Tunisia will not necessarily be reproduced in operations against the Continent. Then the enemy will be holding interior lines of communication with no sea-crossing to cause attrition of his supplies. He can doubtless make good from reserves all his air losses in Africa, and the Axis divisions available, without recourse to the Eastern Front, for reinforcing threatened points are still formidable in numbers, however uneven in quality.

That being so, it is to be presumed that President Roosevelt and Mr. Churchill are utilising their meeting this week to discuss not merely the final execution of military operations planned at Casablanca but the whole alignment of the grand strategy within whose ambit the operations will take. On the operational side, judging from the American press, there seems to be some dangerous pressure to divert energies from the European theatre to what would certainly be a premature, because necessarily still partial, offensive effort against Japan. In the political sphere, General Franco's latest speech, urging that there should be a truce to a war in which "no decision can be reached," confirms our impression that Hitler, recognising that Germany's military defeat is now ultimately inevitable, is manoeuvring for a truce in the West which he might turn into a world crusade against Bolshevism. Both President and Prime Minister have shown themselves to be alive to the dangers of such an Axis manoeuvre, but mere repetition of the Casablanca demand for "unconditional surrender" is not an adequate counter-move. If they are to weaken the will to fight on, either in Germany or (with more immediate hopes of success) among Germany's satellites, the Allies must define more clearly the broad principles of the sort of peace they have in mind, the sort of social and economic structure they desire to establish on the Continent, and the sort of Governments or political groups capable of forming governments, with whom they are prepared to negotiate reconstruction when "surrender" is accomplished.

This involves swiftly clearing up the dangerous controversy arising over Central and Southern Eastern Europe. Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Churchill will have the benefit of the wisdom and experience of Dr. Benes; and their discussions should, we hope, lead to the decisive repudiation of the Fascist members of the Polish governmental clique in London and Washington and a public recognition of the double-dealing of General Mihailovitch. Agreement with the U.S.S.R. and co-operation with the popular forces in the Balkans and Eastern Europe become more urgent with the prospect of Allied invasion. We wonder whether Stalin could be prevailed upon himself to take an aeroplane in order to discuss these issues with the Premier and the President.

Rifts in the Axis?

What does the procession of Axis ministers and Quislings from the occupied countries to Hitler portend? The meetings can only be judged in the setting of events in the Greater German Empire. Hitler has been making his dispositions for the defensive phase of the war; so much is obvious, and it is also clear that he is unhappy about the loyalty of his allies and the docility of his subject peoples. Hence the revised version of the New Order, which Goebbels is busy representing as a European band of brothers, all free and equal, except for the Bolshevik savages, the Plutocrats, and the Jews. But it is certain that the satellites, none of whom belongs to nations who are especially credulous, are much more impressed by German defeats than they are by Goebbels' incantations. We may take a few things for granted: one is an increase of French resistance in view of North Africa. Again, Quisling has never been able to give his master satisfaction, and it is still less likely now that he was able to offer anything but the likelihood that Norway would welcome an Allied landing. The Germans have imposed universal martial law in the Netherlands, no doubt for a similar reason. Ryti, of Finland, refused to go, and although the Finnish foreign minister Ramsay took his orders and refused the tentative negotiations for peace with Russia, offered lately by the United States, Hitler will get little help out of the Finns. The only non-German army fighting on the Russian front now is Rumanian. The Bulgars still occupy parts of Greece and Yugoslavia, but they have been busy showing King Boris what they think of the pro-German officials by concealing the murderers of Pantev from a Gestapo comb-out which has included the arrest of 1,000 suspects. Hungary and Italy are the most interesting in their symptoms of *malaise*. The suspension of the Hungarian parliament might normally be interpreted as a result of Horthy's visit to Hitler. But Horthy is anti-German as well as fanatically anti-Bolshevik. The suspension of parliament followed, as far as is known, an agitation by Imredy's party, the party of the Right, which is Hitler's wire into Hungarian politics, since the Nazi Arrow Cross is constantly kept under by the government. Hungary, in fact has every appearance of contracting out of the war, as far as she dares. Italy, apart from great activity at the Vatican Court, is conducting a purge of 10,000 to 20,000 unreliable Fascist party members. Because they are corrupt, says Scorza: but it is allowable to assume that it is rather because they are defeatist. Men like Grandi and Bottai are not removed because they are corrupt.

Mr. Morrison Again

Mr. Herbert Morrison has made two more of his notable speeches. He has delivered another good frontal attack on the restrictive policies of monopoly capitalism; he has pertinently reminded us, as a people, how old we are getting and how terribly older we are destined to get; and he has indicated that he expects the Beveridge Report to be carried into effect in all its main substance, and has at the same time urged us again to look beyond social security in the narrow sense to ensuring that we produce enough wealth to make us all comfortably off, and distribute it in the right way. These speeches, with their promises, are to be taken as representing Mr. Morrison's bid for the effective leadership of the Labour Party; and a very good bid they are. Mr. Morrison's front is weakest in connection with the Beveridge Report, because he was given the awkward (and probably uncongenial) task of defending in Parliament the Government's refusal to adopt it, and of making black look as near "off-white" as he could. This earned him some unpopularity, which his colleagues were probably not unwilling to transfer to him. But we give him the credit for believing what he says when he maintains that the main substance of the Beveridge Report will actually be carried through. Let us hope this means that, since the debate, he has made better progress with his Government colleagues than the public has any knowledge of. Assuredly, what Mr. Morrison was able to say in the Beveridge Debate did not show that the Government were ready to adopt the substance of the Report. Does his speech last week-end mean that there has now been a further considerable advance?

The Private and the Public Interest

The public has been staggered by the publication of the results of the Auditor-General's investigation into the profits of naval shipbuilding in the period between 1936 and 1939. His report covers the work of 22 firms which built 32 ships of all sizes from a battleship to some submarines. In only four cases were profits below 10 per cent.; in two cases they were over 70, and in one case over 80 per cent.; in nine cases they fell between 20 and 30 per cent., and in seven between 30 and 40 per cent. For two reasons the old plan of using the national dockyards as a check on the costs of private firms has ceased to operate. The nation's yards are in their equipment so far below modern standards that they cannot be effective competitors. Secondly, the managing personnel moves so often from the public service to private firms, that a solidarity in interest now links them together. This revelation of the profiteering which Tory Governments tolerated in the armament industry in the last years of nominal peace goes far to explain why we entered this war inadequately equipped. The impression that a zeal for economy and peace explains it is mistaken. Huge sums of money were voted, of which an excessive proportion went to the navy. We now know what became of some of this money. It went in fantastic profits to a favoured section of big business.

The Postal Workers and the T.U.C.

The decision of the Union of Post Office Workers to apply for re-affiiliation to the Trades Union Congress raises a very nice point; for the affiliation of Unions of Civil Servants to any body not consisting exclusively of Civil Servants is forbidden by the Trade Union Act of 1927—the vindictive Tory Act passed after the General Strike. Before 1926, the U.P.W., like other Unions of public servants, was affiliated to both the T.U.C. and the Labour Party; and now its Conference has instructed its officers to apply for affiliation in defiance of the Act. If the T.U.C. accept the application, who will have broken the law? Not the T.U.C.; for there is nothing in the Act to penalise an outside body for accepting the affiliation. Not the U.P.W. permanent officials; for they are not themselves Civil Servants. Presumably the offenders will be the rank and file members of the U.P.W.; but how are they to be punished? Presumably, the Government can withdraw official recognition from the U.P.W.; but that will be quite as inconvenient for the Government as for the Union. It is not easy to see what else the Government can do, unless it tries applying to the courts for an injunction to restrain the U.P.W.—and that would involve some very nice points of law. The U.P.W., which is presumably acting in collusion with the T.U.C., seems to have chosen a good ground for a preliminary skirmish.

"Miserable Sprats" (*by a Parliamentary Correspondent*)

The Town and Country Planning Bill was described in the debate as a miserable sprat of a Bill; many critics in the Labour Party have expressed similar sentiments about the Pensions and Determination of Needs Bill which the Government have presented to Parliament this week. W. S. Morrison defended his Bill's application of town planning to the whole country as a first instalment of the policy of seeing that "all land should be put to the best use in the public interest." The House pressed for the policy to be more rapidly enforced, and in particular wanted to know how far the Government proposed to carry out the Uthwatt Report. There is a strong feeling that this long delay may be a prelude to a surrender on the part of the Government to pressure from landowners and others. An early introduction of a Bill to assist the public acquisition of land was promised. This Bill will need to be of a drastic character and to be accompanied by other measures if satisfactory progress is to be made in preparing post-war housing plans. The House is rather sceptical as to whether the present Minister is the right man for the job which lies ahead.

The Government's new Pension Bill has been introduced in response to a long-standing pledge. It removes certain anomalies, but is admittedly a stop-gap measure to be replaced by more comprehensive proposals when the Government decides how much of the Beveridge Report to carry out. The present Bill does not satisfy Labour critics. The next series of Parliamentary debates will include an important discussion on the Bermuda Conference and the practical steps that can still be taken to rescue a few survivors from Hitler's terror.

TRIUMPHANT BUREAUCRACY

Two recent events in the field of not-quite-public affairs are important symptoms of a tendency which is dangerous to democratic government in this country. The first of these is the absorption in the Foreign Office of the Foreign Research and Press Service, until now conducted, with Government support, under the auspices of the Royal Institute of International Affairs. On this we have already commented. The other is the "sacking" by the Government of the Nuffield College Social Reconstruction Survey, which has hitherto operated with the aid of a Treasury Grant, in close connection with Sir William Jowitt's Reconstruction Secretariat. The inevitable fog of "Hush-hush—better not say anything publicly about it"—surrounds both these transactions of the Higher Civil Service. But the matter is of such a kind that in our view something does need to be said about it.

These two bodies were both experiments in a technique of collaboration between Whitehall and "outside" bodies of high standing in the world of academic knowledge. They were set to work for the Government, without becoming part of it—the one on problems of both immediate and post-war reference, and the other exclusively on post-war questions. They have done this for a considerable time; and now, quite suddenly, one of them is taken over and turned, with some loss of personnel, into a branch of the Foreign Office, under complete official control, and the other is given the sack by the Treasury. The question is whether this means much or little; and we are inclined to think that it means much, in the sense that it is symbolic of a decisive stiffening of attitude on the part of Civil Service authorities, and of some parts of the Government itself. Independent bodies, even if they are acting for the Government and the Civil Service in the inquiries which they undertake, are liable to develop views of their own; and these views may conflict with official notions of expediency—not least where they are based on a careful and dispassionate study of the facts. "Research," in the mind of the official administrator, is very apt to mean digging up the facts which support the conclusions he has already decided, or been ordered, to reach—and to mean *not* digging up the facts which get in the way of these conclusions. In addition, objective research is bound to start controversial issues; and it is believed to be the wish of the Prime Minister that reconstruction shall be arranged for on lines which will not raise controversial issues—which in many fields means in effect that it is not to be arranged for at all. "Research" can be kept within these discreetly regulated conditions only if it is conducted in strict subordination to the Executive, so that any inconvenient facts it may bring to light can be promptly reinterred before anyone else has got hold of them. "Research" carried on under these conditions means the collection of facts that do not jolt the habits and assumptions of the existing administration.

With this goes a second danger. If independent bodies are allowed with Government countenance to survey problems either of war or of post-war politics and economics, their researches and the conclusions they arrive at cannot by any possibility be made to fit neatly into the pigeonholes of the existing Civil Service departments. Any body that sets out to deal with post-war planning, for example, will inevitably lap across the frontiers of many departments. To "plan" for the future of, say, South Wales involves considering, *inter alia*, the use of land, the location of industry, the building of houses, schools and other community buildings, the development of transport, electricity, water supply, and other public utility services, the place of agriculture in the coming economy, and the prospects of population and labour supply in both a quantitative and a qualitative sense. These matters belong respectively to the spheres of at least nine departments, not counting the Reconstruction Secretariat, whose province it defies human wit to get clear. Use of land involves the Ministry of Town and Country Planning, location of industry the Board of Trade, housing the Ministry of Health, school-building the Board of Education, transport the Ministry of Transport, electricity the Ministry of Fuel and Power, water-supply the Ministry of Health and several others, agriculture the Ministry of Agriculture and Fisheries, population the Registrar-General, and labour supply the Ministry of Labour. It is hardly too much to say that each of these Ministries carries a banner proclaiming to all the others and, much more menacingly, to any possible interloper the warning, "Keep off my grass." That is why the Reconstruction Secretariat has from the first been prevented from having any adequate staff and has been shorn of one function after another until there is practically nothing left of it except the smile on the older departments' faces. That is why the Ministry of Planning, which ranks as an interloper, has been given no real powers to do anything that matters. And that is why the departments have been determined to elbow out any "outside" body which does not, in the Civil Service manner, regard their departmental frontiers as sacrosanct, and insist, at whatever sacrifice, in squeezing all its work and all its proposals into the existing departmental pigeonholes. For it is a cardinal principle in the official mind that, though Ministers—and Empires—perish, departments and Permanent Under-Secretaries go on; the comity of departments, on the basis of the *status quo ante*, takes priority over the comity of nations or the public interest.

In effect, the power of the Civil Service "has increased, is increasing, and ought to be diminished." In these days the power of the State must be greater than in the past, but the State should be an organisation directed by responsible Ministers dependent on Parliament, taking their advice from independent bodies as well as from officials. The tendency for Ministers to be the tool of permanent Civil Servants has grown in recent years, partly because Ministers are shuffled round so quickly that they seldom have the chance to master any of their temporary jobs. It is also partly due to a decline in the calibre of Ministers; and it has, of course, been greatly aggravated by war conditions and by the existence of a war coalition which desires to avoid raising politically inconvenient questions. Whatever the causes, the fact remains. Bureaucracy is winning against popular control all along the line; and if we are not careful we shall find that we have fought this war to the end of making a couple of hundred leading Civil Servants more insufferably self-satisfied than ever.

That in itself would not matter so much if these same Civil Servants had any constructive policy of their own. This is only rarely the case. They suffer under the mistaken notion that if only they can succeed in making eunuchs of their Ministers and preventing any decisions which would upset their routine from being taken by the Government, the result will be that life will go on for them and their fellow-clubmen pretty much in the good old way. They do not want anything to happen; and they think they can stop things from happening by avoiding the taking of any vital decisions.

Now, if politics are to work democratically, two conditions must be satisfied in the sphere of public administration. The administrators must not be a caste apart, but must be linked closely to the people in feeling and repute; and there must be constant independent scrutiny of the doings of public servants, and every encouragement for reputable private citizens and institutions to play their rôle as advisers in the finding of social facts and in the formulation of official policy. That is where such bodies as F.R.P.S. and the Nuffield Survey could have been so valuable, if there had been any will to make use of them in the right way; and that is why their destruction matters, from the public point of view, as illustrating the "dog-in-the-manger" policy which appears at present to dominate the conduct of our public affairs. If there is to be sensible and realistic interpretation of trends of world opinion during the war, an independent F.R.P.S. is much more likely to arrive at it than a subordinate section of the Foreign Office; and if there is to be a sensible forecast of economic needs and possibilities, such a body as the Nuffield Survey, with its local investigators in each area and its academic standards of study, is much more likely to make it than a series of departmental officials, each confined within the frontiers of his separate department, and each under compulsion to discover only what is pleasing to his departmental chiefs. But to use such aids is not the way of the present Civil Service hierarchy. Blinkers are preferred as research instruments, because the purpose in so many matters is not to arrive at, but to bury the truth.

A FOURTH TERM FOR ROOSEVELT

Though the possibility of a fourth term for President Roosevelt was at first suggested by his opponents with the obvious intent of embarrassing him, it has become, in a few short months an accepted probability. The general public has not as yet greatly concerned itself with the question, but political leaders in both parties now seem to regard the President's candidacy for a fourth term as fairly certain.

Roosevelt himself has, of course, given no inkling of his plans but a considerable number of his close advisers have dropped discreet hints, and a few have explicitly avowed his candidacy. The immediate purpose of this political manoeuvre is undoubtedly to maintain the President's authority over a recalcitrant Congress; but it has the effect of discouraging other candidates in the Democratic Party who might otherwise come forward to test the public's estimate of their availability. The threat of a fourth term has already served its first purpose; for the incipient rebellion of southern Democrats against Roosevelt's leadership has subsided.

The immediate cause of the emergence of fourth-term sentiment is to be found in the war situation; but the ultimate cause lies in the peculiar character of the alliance of forces which has kept the President in power longer than any other American chief executive. The fourth term has become a real possibility, though it represents a double defiance of a sacred tradition, primarily because it is now apparent that the next election will be held in wartime.

In these calculations it is assumed that Germany may be defeated, or be near to defeat, before the elections are held in November, 1944. The simultaneous defeat of Japan is highly improbable; but that fact represents an additional advantage for the President: for the defeat of Germany would give the administration the prestige of success in its foreign engagements, while the postponement of the final victory would prevent post-war weariness and resentment, so fatal to war administrations in America, from expressing itself in the next election.

Though some trade unions have begun to pass resolutions requesting the President to run again, there is, at the moment, no great enthusiasm for the idea in progressive or labour circles. The New Deal content of Roosevelt's third administration is not rated too highly: but the progressives have heard the rumblings of an ignorantly reactionary movement in the sorry debates of the present Congress, and have come to the conclusion that a highly diluted New Deal is better than the obscurantism and reaction which threaten to break loose when Roosevelt is removed from the political scene. Moreover, the negative achievements of the present administration are considerable, even though the war has prompted the

President to retreat on many fronts in domestic politics. The administration has been able to prevent the enactment of various forms of grossly unfair fiscal legislation and has kept its social legislation intact, despite various attacks upon it.

The fact that the liberal support behind the President is bound to go with him (though the immediate deflection of the farmers may become permanent) if he seeks a fourth term, even though his administration is no longer an unequivocally liberal one, indicates that there are other reasons than those connected with the exigencies of war which lead the country to a fourth term. A fourth term will be, as the third term was, an indication of a lack of genuine unity in the ranks of the political forces which came to power through Roosevelt. Roosevelt is so necessary because only his prestige and political dexterity can hold the diverse forces behind him together in even the semblance of unity. Roosevelt has no New Deal disciples who could possibly win a nomination over the opposition of southern Democrats. Even he could not have stifled their growing opposition to his domestic programme (including his wife's interest in Negro rights) if Roosevelt had not managed to anticipate the inevitabilities of the foreign situation, which practically all other American leaders chose to defy. His third term was won by a combination of those who swallowed their resentment against either his foreign or his domestic politics in order to support him against either the peril of isolationism in foreign politics or against reaction at home.

If Roosevelt intended to make Vice-President Wallace his heir by forcing his nomination to the Vice-Presidency upon the last Democratic convention, the plan has not succeeded. Nor can one discern any other New Dealer who has the slightest prospect of success. Since most of the President's present advisers in the conduct of the war are either non-political or conservative, they are the only ones who might possibly profit from the prestige of a victorious conclusion of the war. But none of them could hold the support of the labour and farmer masses through which Roosevelt transformed a moribund southern party, with a few centres of strength in the north, into a powerful national political organisation. His liberal lieutenants could not be nominated: and the conservatives could not be elected. That is the real reason for the fourth term, beyond the immediate situation created by the war.

This means that the very lack of genuine unity in the forces behind Roosevelt drives them inexorably towards projecting yet another term for him: though everyone is quite conscious of the fact that this strategy will most certainly lead to a complete defeat in the first general election after the war. The Democratic party consists of southern conservatives, whose political outlook is still dominated by issues derived from the Civil War: of northern municipal political machines of the type of Tammany in New York and the Kelley-Nash outfit in Chicago; and of the farmers and workers who had never before owed political allegiance to the Democratic party and whom Roosevelt's programme of social legislation recruited for the party. It would be unfair to suggest that only Roosevelt's dexterity holds these forces together; for without an element of genuine liberalism in his programme they would never have come together, and the President would not have had the opportunity to exercise the most facile political talent in several generations of American history. Nevertheless the fact that the unity of administration forces has been maintained primarily by the remarkable tactical skill of the leader, rather than by any genuinely new alignment in political forces, means that it is not likely to outlast Roosevelt and would probably not outlast him even if there were a more progressive figure among his lieutenants who might succeed him.

There is evidence that even the Republicans are beginning to concede the probability of Roosevelt's fourth election. This evidence consists in the reluctance of *bona-fide* candidates, with the exception of Mr. Willkie and Governor Bricker, of Ohio, to press their candidacy for the 1944 election. Mr. Dewey, the Governor of New York, whose political shrewdness is as great as his political knowledge is narrow, astonished his followers by promising them that he would serve out his four years as governor, thus precluding his nomination in 1944. This self-denying ordinance on the part of a very ambitious young man seemed inexplicable until it began to dawn upon the careful observer that the 1944 Republican nomination might not be worth very much. It now appears that Mr. Dewey was rather more far-sighted than most of the Republicans and recognised in 1942 what did not dawn upon them until 1943. If now they should seek to "draft" him for the 1944 nomination he can virtuously point to his 1942 pledge, binding him to the security of his New York position.

The only avowed Republican candidates at the moment are Governor Bricker, of Ohio, and Mr. Willkie. Governor Bricker has nothing to commend him but a colourless political career, citizenship in Ohio, a pivotal middle western state and the traditional mother of presidents, and a complete absence of any convictions on foreign policy. This latter virtue might serve to win the nomination for him, because it would prevent alienation of either the isolationist or the interventionist sections of the party from his support. Mr. Bricker's recent utterances prove that he understands this asset very well and that he will continue to nurse it by ambiguous statements on foreign policy.

Mr. Willkie's only chance of nomination lies in the fact that he is the one Republican candidate who has the slightest chance of defeating the President. He is the only one whose support of the war has been important enough to offer the possibility of eliminating the war issue from an election in wartime. Without such a consideration every Republican candidate will be at a disadvantage in contesting an election with the Commander-in-Chief. If the Republican party comes to the conclusion that it can make a race of the 1944 election, it may well forget its rising resentment against Mr. Willkie, who has lost organisation support in the party in exact proportion to his gain in public esteem since his defeat. Mr. Willkie fought his last campaign against the President by offering conservative opposition to Roosevelt's domestic policy while he expressed essential agreement with his foreign policy. There are indications, recently, that Mr. Willkie will resort to greater ambiguity in his domestic programme than in the last campaign, when he made a frontal attack upon New Deal "collectivism" and promised to help defeat Hitler without disturbing the American way of life, that is, without placing any restraints upon free enterprise.

It will be awkward to make any such promises in this election. Mr. Willkie will not be fool enough to suggest the elimination of all the government planning without which no modern industrial nation could harness its resources for war. He will have to be content with the projection of his "liberal" doctrines into the future. He may well elaborate a rather artful political creed in which the essentially reactionary character of the "free enterprise" doctrine will be nicely obscured by other and more progressive aspects of the old liberal creed.

Mr. Willkie's nomination would make Mr. Roosevelt's election less certain. It would have the great advantage of making America's participation in world affairs more certain, for it would destroy the monopoly of the Democratic party in intelligent foreign policy. His correctness on foreign policy, together with the greater prospect of his success, might possibly dissuade the President from accepting a fourth nomination. Willkie's position on foreign affairs would relieve Roosevelt of the necessity of making the race in order to guarantee America's responsible relation to world affairs. On the other hand, the greater prospect of Willkie's success at the polls will give the President a different cause for hesitating. Mr. Roosevelt is a very shrewd calculator, and he is not likely to run if the prospects of the campaign are not greatly in his favour.

REINHOLD NIEBUHR

A LONDON DIARY

THERE was little new in the stories from Poland and from Russia that I heard this week. But the worst horror grows in intensity if it comes from actual eye-witnesses. More than one friend from Russia has described to me the unspeakable things done to Soviet villagers by the Nazis and I have heard from a witness who actually saw it in all its sadistic detail the appalling story of the massacre of the Jews in Poland. It is somewhat comforting to know that the remaining Jews in the Warsaw Ghetto, who may be a quarter of the original 340,000, have been given arms by the Polish underground movement and are reported this week to have been fighting. They will be killed all the same, but of the two deaths the fighting one is infinitely preferable. In this matter there was nothing on a large scale that Britain or America could have done, but there are things on a small scale that were not difficult to do; a few lives could be saved by a generous opening of doors and by active work through the remaining neutral countries. I have yet to hear why the Conference was called at Bermuda in order that platitudes might be spoken and nothing effective accomplished. It is everyone's duty to read the new pamphlet issued by the National Committee for Rescue from Nazi Terror (30 Maiden Lane, W.C.2), entitled *Rescue the Perishing*. The author is Eleanor Rathbone, M.P.

* * *

These atrocities present society with the full horror of what discipline, war, propaganda and the deliberate corruption of youth can achieve. But it is not the whole story. Some news which has leaked out through Sweden suggests that on the contrary a reaction of a kind that few of us had foreseen, primarily ethical, is winning over the students of one university at least, and it happens to be Munich, the cradle of the Nazi movement. The first of the known facts was the hanging, after sentence by the "People's High Court," of six students. All but one of them came from Munich: their ages ranged from 21 to 24, and two of them, Hans and Sophia Scholl, were brother and sister, both in the Medical Faculty. Their father is a civil servant with the rank of a *Regierungsrat*, while another, named Probst, was the son of a well-known philologist. In some degree the whole Students' Union of Munich was involved. The trouble began when the S.S. invaded the university buildings and attacked the women students with a brutality that provoked the men to defend their women comrades. After many arrests the Gestapo discovered a widespread organisation among the youth of South Germany with adherents at Stuttgart, Ulm and Freiburg as well as Munich. It is accused of sabotage but, above all, of distributing treasonable leaflets. While its leading members were hanged, many of its younger adherents, boys and girls of about 18 years, who had been active in distributing its literature, were let off with terms of imprisonment ranging from six months to five years. Their names were not published, which suggests that they came from good Nazi families.

* * *

It seems, then, that there is among the youth of South Germany a movement strong enough on occasion to dominate a whole university. What may be even more important, it seems to be in its tendencies unconnected with any of the older parties, and it feels itself to be traditionally German. Hans Scholl, before he was hanged, stoutly denied that he was a Communist, adding significantly, "I am a German." The leaflets are described as "typically individualistic" in tone. One of them calls on its readers to combat the Nazi party and to refuse, as the whole body of

Munich students did, to listen to addresses by its spokesmen. Further, these young men claim to be fighting "for true science and real spiritual freedom." German youth is urged "to build a new Europe, a Europe of the spirit." The memories of 1813 are recalled, when youth created the League of Virtue (*Tugendbund*) to liberate Germany from Napoleon. Indeed, it is suggested that Stalingrad corresponds to his defeat on the Beresina. "A new faith in freedom and honour is about to be born." What precisely this will come to mean in political terms I cannot pretend to guess. Against Nazi corruption the best reaction to hope for may well be a spontaneous ethical revolt which bases itself on the better things in the German traditional heritage.

* * *

Herbert Morrison's reply to the Mayor of Hackney on the subject of Fascist activities included a suggestion that has not, I think, been generally noticed. The Mayor wrote to the Home Secretary (Morrison is M.P. for Hackney) stating that at a packed Towns Meeting a resolution had been unanimously carried demanding that steps be taken to "ensure that all Fascist activities, particularly those of the British National Party, are banned immediately." Morrison replied, saying that he was keeping careful watch over every phase in the life of the so-called British National Party (which, since the Mayor's letter, ceased to exist under that name) and that he concludes that it contains neither the numbers nor the capacity to be dangerous. The Home Secretary's special powers are only for emergency use where the control of the war, public order and national safety are at stake. Our democracy is strong enough, in Morrison's view, to cope with such small groups as the British National Party without the special intervention of the Home Secretary. He adds:

> I think that as you have taken the initiative in calling a meeting to discuss the problem, you will agree with me that the most effective way of dealing with the pernicious views of these people is by the democratic method of discussion and criticism.

A representative anti-Fascist organisation, with a vigilance committee, to act wherever Fascism shows its head would seem to be indicated.

* * *

It is a bright idea to apply the *Any Questions* technique to events in occupied Europe. What is happening in France, in Poland, in Yugoslavia or Belgium? The public knows a little of the resistance movements, and discounts the German propaganda. But hitherto there has been little chance of actually seeing and asking people who have seen the inside of occupied countries what life is like and what the people in these countries hope or desire. The Union of Democratic Control (34, Victoria Street, S.W.1) is trying to meet this need by a series of *Any Questions* meetings in which questions sent in beforehand or asked from the floor will be answered by people with first-hand knowledge. The first of these meetings takes place in the Livingstone Hall, S.W.1, at 7 p.m. on Monday, May 17th. The subject is "What is Happening in France?" and the questions will be answered by a team of Frenchmen representing different points of view. First there is Félix Gouin, who came over to England a few months ago. He was Blum's defender at the Riom trial, and he represents the French Socialist Party group. Then there is Ferdinand Grenier, who was Deputy for St. Denis and who is the French Communist Party representative in London. The others include Senator Maroselli, representative of the Radical Socialists, M. Granpré, who represents an agricultural constituency in France, and Louis Lévy, the diplomatic correspondent of the *Populaire*, and well known for his journalism in *La France*, and in English papers in this country. The editor of the NEW STATESMAN AND NATION will take the chair, and competent interpreters will be present in case of need.

* *

Among a number of letters from people who seem honestly puzzled because this journal maintains what one writer calls an attitude of "critical enthusiasm" towards the Soviet Union, there is one which asks for a full explanation of our attitude towards the U.S.S.R. He deserves a proper answer and he shall have it at the very first opportunity. I shall take the opportunity also of answering various other "uncritical" letters which come from people who think themselves Communists but who are, in my opinion, really "diversionists." For the moment I must content myself with thanking the anonymous gentleman who apparently thinks that "critical enthusiasm" is a vicious state of mind. It is an admirable phrase that I gladly accept. He sums up his objurgations in the following sentence:

> Apparently your "critical" attitude towards Russia involves liking her for what you like about her and disliking her for what you don't like.

I cannot improve on that. CRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

A 5/- prize for the first entry in this column goes to D. Godden.

Paste entries on postcard or slip of paper and give details of origin. Address to THIS ENGLAND, 10 Great Turnstile, W.C.1.

A mysterious woman is causing alarm among parents in Golders Green, London, by biting children's noses. . . .

The police took action following a complaint that a child's nose was nearly half bitten off. The woman apparently leans over a perambulator to admire a child and then bites its nose, leaving marks like pin pricks.—*Bristol Evening Post.*

Summoned for receiving two gold-fish, which had been stolen on February 12th, Mrs. —— was fined £4, or seven days' imprisonment.—*Oxford Times.*

PEP TALK

[German propaganda is working at full blast to counter the possible depressing effect on the German public of the news from North Africa . . . Axis military spokesmen claim that Axis forces in Africa have not been defeated, only compressed.—*Manchester Guardian*, May 11th.]

THE Führer's flock begin to bleat
As they watch beside the Rhine.
"Can our great Wehrmacht face defeat?
Are Rommel's Panzers in retreat?
Is their encirclement complete?"
"Nein!" answers Goebbels, "Nein!"

"Our enemies our force invest
From Medjez and Mareth,
But it is treason to suggest
Our armies are not still the best,
As, not defeated, but compressed,
They fight on to the death.

"Reich victory is not in doubt,
In spite of British lies.
And anyone who spreads about
Defeatist rumours of a rout,
Of mopping up and wiping out,
Immediately dies.

"Obedient to our Führer's will,
Warmed by our Führer's smile,
Our forces will advance until
His conquering mission they fulfil,
His intuition leads them still,
Sieg heil! sieg heil! sieg heil!

"These temporary setbacks mean
More home front sacrifice,
As once again our war machine
Moves to annihilate Stalin
Whose Red hordes have already been
Annihilated twice.

"Safe in the Greater Reich are we!"
("Ja!" bleat the Germans, "Ja!")
"Fate and the Führer guarantee
A thousand years of victory.
Capitulation shall not be."
"Baa!" bleat the Germans, "Baa!"

SAGITTARIUS

HIGHLAND ELECTRICITY

THE Highland Hydro-Electricity Bill went through its committee stage last week, and emerged with a number of minor Government amendments, but with its main outlines unchanged. Tom Johnston and Lord Cooper, carrying it for the Government, were far too strong for the opposition. The attack unfortunately came principally from the I.L.P. and Mr. Gallacher; the Scottish M.P.s, who should have stood out most strongly, tamely accepted the Whip. The rejected amendments were all directed to obtaining a better public control. Gallacher was right to go on hammering at the point that laying a scheme on the table of the House, the method proposed for all the electricity plans, is not the same thing as causing it to be submitted as a Bill. The reluctance of the Government to propose their schemes in the normal way only means that they shrink from facing the uproar over the plan to ruin the glens. In the open this has been defeated seven times, so they have good reason to try a back door. It was a curious fact that Glen Affric was never named in the two days' committee; it was also curious that except for Sloan, no Labour member took part. It reflects little credit on the party as a whole that they displayed so little interest in what ought to have been the first great British experiment in the socialisation of a natural resource.

The Right Wing amendments received much more attention. They were designed (1) to reduce the powers of the Electricity Board to the narrowest limits possible; (2) to protect the privileges and profits of existing electricity companies, and especially those of the Grampian Company; and (3) to see that their own nominees should be put into the key-jobs of the new development. Mr. Erskine-Hill, and Sir Arnold Gridley, who are electricity directors, were prominent in those exchanges, but Major Stewart Henderson led the ball, with a series of ingenious devices of purely reactionary purport. On a different plane was the attempt of Major McCallum to get at least one man on to the Board who knows the Highlands and their people. This seems a fair proposal (and, to anybody who realises the psychology of the Celt, a very necessary one), but it was vetoed on the absurd ground that Highlanders might not know the technical side of electrical engineering. Why should they, as yet? That is just one thing that they will have to learn; and the alternative, of a Board of engineers and business men who care nothing for the Highlands, is a horrifying prospect. The really shocking part of the committee was the brief period allotted to the "Amenities" clause. Major McCallum and Mr. Bossom and a handful of English members took part and asked for as little vandalism as possible. Not one Scottish Member had the grace to say he was sorry the electricity must be bought at the price of our land's beauty. Nobody knows better than Tom Johnston that his Amenities Committee will be powerless to prevent the despoliation of the scenery. He himself brought forth a formula:

> We do not desire to give powers to any Board to interfere wantonly and unnecessarily with one of our great heritages, the beauty and the glory of the North of Scotland. I ask hon. Members to believe me when I say that the Bill ensures that Parliament will have the right to veto any constructional scheme which should wantonly or foolishly invade any beauty spot.

The Board will define every scheme as necessary, wise, and chaste, and that will be the end of it.

Public opposition has been disarmed by the provision that the actual power-works of this plan are to be under the direction of a salaried public board, and that it is to be in a limited sense non-profit-making. That means that the capital is to be raised by a publicly subscribed loan, with a Treasury guarantee for any deficit. Of course this is not the same thing as real nationalisation, in which the nation would own and develop this natural resource for the primary benefit of the people of the country. It bears no resemblance to the Tennessee Valley Authority, which works largely through local co-operation, maintains research, and has as its first charge the supply of light and power to the local people at a price they can pay. The first charge on our scheme is the interest due to shareholders, which means that the concern of the Board must be to make the power pay. Lord Cooper confirmed this view:

> As to the point that outlying areas should receive electricity, the desire of everyone is that the widest possible distribution of electricity should be made, but one has to keep in mind that this Bill could not have been produced except on the footing that the Board must pay its way.

There has been a good deal of idle hope, fostered by semi-official whispers, that the Government would be sufficiently open to the alternative schemes of hydro-electric development to discard the disaster of the Glen Affric carbide plan. That hope was effectually dissipated by Lord Cooper, when he said:

> In the case of these metallurgical undertakings it has been held by the Cooper Committee that these undertakings must have hydro-electricity or they will leave the country altogether. Therefore we must attract them to this area unless we are to lose them to Britain.

Let it be clearly understood, therefore, that the first task of the Board will not be to see that the Highlands get electricity. Its first task will be to pay the interest upon a £30,000,000 loan. Works necessitating such an expenditure can only be the schemes for damming the glens and exporting the power. And the sole industry which needs this enormous head of power is carbide, which we are already making in Wales by steam-power. Neither it nor aluminium are significant employers of labour; aluminium, which has already devastated Kinlochleven and Ben Nevis, has all the cheap power it wants, and only employs 1,500 men, many of them Irish. A very small industry, and vast export to pay for vast works; that is the plan for regeneration of the Highlands.

FREDA WHITE

THE SOLUTION

[This is the second of two articles in which Mr. Robert Boothby, M.P., sets out an economic policy which he believes should be acceptable to a "National Government" of the future.]

To what conclusion have we been driven? That the system of *laissez faire* capitalism, which enshrined the principle of enlightened self-interest, is dead, and can never be revived. So long as we were able to pursue an expansionist policy based on fortuitous but continuous discoveries of gold, and the exploitation of new markets and inventions, it worked. But from the moment finance capital substituted a policy of deliberate restriction for one of expansion, it was doomed. The underlying objective of the policy of restriction was, of course, the maintenance of the value of existing invested capital. But the younger generation are not greatly interested in that. Argue it as you will, you will not get them to dedicate their lives to the service of a system which only allows them to live fully when they are preparing to kill, or actually killing, their fellow-men. You must offer them a more attractive programme than the dole, the quinquennial vote, and recurrent world war.

The overthrow of Hitlerism will not restore the nineteenth-century capitalist system any more than the downfall of Napoleon restored feudalism. Any system which is unable to provide employment for a substantial number of its workers, or to find a use for its available investment funds, or to develop its own technological resources, or to keep the land under proper cultivation, may fairly be said to have had its day. And the gradual recognition of this fact by the Western "democracies" after the last war accounts in large measure for the slackening hold and increasing impotence of the capitalist or "bourgeois" ideologies. Rudderless and leaderless, without faith and without hope, they drifted along, and gazed in a kind of stagnant wonder at the frenzied enthusiasm and activities of the two nations that only yesterday they had brought to their knees. "What was Munich and the whole policy of appeasement but a recognition of bourgeois impotence?" asks Mr. Burnham.* And answers, correctly, that the head of the British Government travelling to the feet of the Austrian housepainter was the fitting symbol of the capitalists' loss of faith in themselves. The fundamental social fact of our time is that we are witnessing the end of an age and of an epoch; and, as has so often happened in the past, history is underlining the collapse of an economic system with blood.

I suppose that some Conservatives will be shocked by all this. But it would not have shocked one of the ablest Tory minds that have ever been applied to the theory and practice of politics. On May 23rd, 1920, the late Lord Milner wrote a letter to a correspondent in which he said: "Did I not say, months ago, when there was all that rotten talk about ruin and bankruptcy, the burden of the debt, etc., that 'the only thing which terrified me in looking ahead was the possibility of a restriction of credit'? I always knew this mad nonsense would come. But I hoped the protests of the business community would check it before it went too far. . . . My difficulty about all these questions is that I am not supposed to be an authority about them, nor do I claim to be an expert, except in so far as common sense and long experience may make one. But I am up against theories strongly entrenched in the Treasury, the Bank of England, and certainly the greater part of the whole banking world; and supported by tons of literature from the abstract school of political economists who have held this country in their baneful grip for nearly a century."

Where lies the remedy? We have seen that, under any system other than a hundred per cent. State socialism, in order to employ people it is necessary to produce capital goods at a profit. The rate of capital investment is the decisive factor; and the key to full employment is therefore a steady flow of investment, at a high level. In order to achieve this the State must be in a position to decide the total volume of goods and services to be produced, and also the rough proportion of the national resources to be devoted to the production of capital and consumer goods respectively. For this five controls are necessary: (1) Control over the volume of credit; (2) control over capital expenditure on national development, and public works of a substantial nature; (3) control over basic industries of a monopolistic character; (4) control over the export of capital; and (5) control over the import of goods.

Let us be quite clear what this involves. It means that the grip of what is usually called finance capital upon the economic system must be broken. It means that the Bank of England will have to be converted into a public corporation, owned by the State; and that the banking system as a whole will be transformed from a private profit-making organisation into a national service. The mechanical changes involved are comparatively small. Representatives of industry, of agriculture, of the trade unions and of the consumers, will have to be appointed to the court of the Bank. The Governor will continue to act in his present capacity, that of chief financial adviser to the Chancellor of the Exchequer. His function in relation to the Chancellor is similar to that performed in peacetime by the First Sea Lord in relation to the First Lord of the Admiralty. They must work in harmony; and the Chancellor must have power to replace him if he so desires. I see no reason why the joint stock banks should be "nationalised." They already conform to the financial policy laid down by the Bank of England, acting as fiscal agent of the Treasury. It may be necessary to impose certain statutory regulations upon them in respect of interest rates charged and paid, and the ratio between their cash reserves and deposit liabilities; but that should suffice. Nevertheless, although the changes of machinery will be small, the change of spirit will be great. The banks will no longer act as creators of money for private gain, but as agents for the handling of money created by the Government for public service. There is no reason to suppose that their present skilled and conscientious managements and staffs will not discharge this high and responsible duty to the satisfaction of the public as a whole. Thus, by an easy and almost imperceptible transition characteristic of this country, Finance will become the servant and no longer the master of the community; and a major revolution will have been accomplished.

While the Bank of England, acting on behalf of the Treasury, will control the volume of credit and the movement of capital, the remaining controls can be exercised by existing Government Departments. Only one further piece of executive machinery will be required to complete the picture. National Development Boards armed with statutory powers will have to be established for England, Scotland and Wales, working in close collaboration with Local Authorities and public utility concerns. Not the least of their tasks will be the preparation of the statistical information which has hitherto been so sadly lacking.

I have dealt, in these articles, solely with the problem of unemployment as such. I am convinced that this problem is capable of solution along the lines I have endeavoured to indicate. There is, of course, another problem of equal importance, a human problem—the problem of inequality. The old liberal democracy achieved a measure of political equality, but it failed signally to achieve economic equality. To the question, "How is the small man going to fare under the new dispensation?" the answer must be made, "That depends entirely on the attitude and actions of the House of Commons." The progressive de-personalisation of property through the extension of limited joint-stock companies, the restrictions on the right of inheritance (which will not diminish), and the provision of universal and equal facilities for education, will in time throw down many of the barriers which to-day separate the various classes of society. But it is difficult to resist Mr. Burnham's contention that economic power is now passing into the hands of a new governing class—the "managers." They include not merely the managing directors and administrators of industry, but also the technicians and the trade union leaders; and they are already beginning to exercise a special degree of control over the instruments of production, and to receive preferential treatment in the distribution of their products. In other words, the controls which have to be exercised over the instruments of production in the modern world are coming to be of greater importance than property rights vested in those instruments. Personal ambition no longer centres upon the ownership of wealth as such, but, to an increasing extent, upon the possession of responsibility and power. We cannot blind ourselves to the very real danger of the vested interests of monopoly capitalism and labour drawing together in an effort to impose their will upon the community. Perhaps the main task and duty of the House of Commons during the next decade will be to protect the small man from the encroachments of industrial monopoly in the shape of vast combines and of State bureaucracy. No other institution is strong enough to make the will of the ordinary citizen prevail.

The attainment of economic equality through the development of "functional" democracy is beyond the scope of the present discussion. The methods of democratic decentralisation by which the ordinary citizen can be given a sense of active participation in social decisions in factory and workshop, town and village, were outlined by Walter Rathenau more than a quarter of a century ago. What is important to emphasise here is that the Conservative no less than the Labour Party has a vital political interest in the happiness and welfare of the "little man." For this reason I do not share the apprehension expressed by one of your recent contributors that it will be difficult, if not impossible, to secure any measure of agreement between the Conservative and Labour Parties about the steps which must be taken to curb the power of vested and monopolistic interests. The only proviso I would make is that it may be just as necessary to force a greater dilution of labour upon the trade unions as to prevent an industrial combine from deliberately restricting output. In either case the primary consideration *must* be the public interest.

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* *The Managerial Revolution.* By James Burnham. *Putnam*, p. 35.

The argument is concluded. Boiled down, it amounts to a plea for controlled expansion. For twenty years we tried to solve the internal difficulties and self-contradictions of modern capitalist society by policies of restriction on output, on investment, on labour, which failed lamentably to achieve their object, and greatly reduced the real wealth of the community.

Now we must try by a different method. The most fundamental of my convictions is that the solution of the economic problem will be found neither in "political" socialism, nor in the return to *laissez-faire* capitalism. The profit motive should be retained, particularly in the field of new and expanding industries, where risks must be run if successful results are to be obtained. But as the sole incentive to economic activity, the profit motive is no longer adequate to the theme. A wider and deeper social purpose has become a necessity for mankind. Industry is no longer the private concern of individuals. It concerns everyone. The trouble is that the issue of private enterprise versus socialism has for so long been the shuttle-cock of party politics in this country, that few of those who are actively engaged in political life can see straight on the subject. They have become so involved emotionally that they are no longer able to take an objective view. It is important to distinguish between bureaucratic interference with industry, which is bad, and collaboration between the State and industry for constructive ends, which is not only good, but vitally necessary. The control of monopolies in the public interest is not theoretically in dispute; as Mr. Quintin Hogg has pointed out, it is inevitable for political as well as economic reasons, if Parliament is not to abdicate. Nor is the abolition of the competitive system of fixing prices (and therefore wages) in relation to costs, in international trade; no one really wants our standard of living to be determined by what the late John Wheatley described as the "skilful savage." Nor, when we think of the millions of pounds we dished out to Germany and Austria between 1920 and 1930, is a measure of control over the export of money.

If we can do some of the things that have to be done together, so much the better. That the twentieth-century economic revolution will in any event be carried through in this country without undue bitterness or strife, I cannot doubt. Then Britain can resume her historic mission, in the van of human progress. ROBERT BOOTHBY

MINOR (OR MAJOR?) TROUBLES

How helpless we human beings are if we are left without help! Many of us do not know how to sew on a button, how to mend a hole in a sock, how to make porridge, how even to repair a slipped clutch in a motor-car. In regard to all such things, we are dependents on others—parasites. From the moment at which we reluctantly awake till the moment at which with equal reluctance we go to bed, we rely for a great proportion of our comfort on people who will spare us the trouble of doing simple things for ourselves.

I realised during the week-end how helpless a specimen of the human race I am, staying, as I did, in a cottage with a relation who is a temporary invalid. She had various people coming in to help with the housework during parts of the day; but again and again it fell to my lot to be the practical man—the man who could get things done. There was no one, for example, except myself to go down and take the letters from the too-early postman. There is no technical skill required for getting out of bed, putting on a dressing-gown, going downstairs, and opening the door to take in the letters; but the moral effort of doing these things is considerable. Sleeping, I confess, I did not hear the knock. But as I woke to consciousness, I heard a voice calling "The postman's at the door." As I did not wish to get up for another hour or so, I called back, "Tell him to leave the letters outside," for in the old oaken door of the cottage there is no letter-box. The voice said: "He may have an important letter." At that hour of the morning I am constitutionally incapable of believing that there is such a thing as an important letter. "Tell him to put it under the mat," I suggested. "It may be registered," the voice persisted. Yielding to the inevitable, I threw the blankets aside, thinking oaths if not uttering them. As anyone could have foreseen, when I got downstairs, the postman had gone, leaving the letters on the mat—one of them containing the latest literature of the True Temperance Society and the other a list of the subscribers to an arts collection fund. To such things in days of peace a housemaid would have attended. She probably would not have minded being up so early in the morning. But I, being ignorant of the technique of early rising, felt that somehow I was being victimised; and I was resentful against life as I got back into bed for my morning cough.

A little later it was my task to get breakfast, and, as my relative likes porridge, I was told for the first time in my life how to make porridge. I mixed the oats as instructed, put them in a pot, filled an outer pot with water, and turned on a switch in the electric stove in the kitchen. I stood by the stove patiently stirring the porridge, but, though I went on stirring for a quarter of an hour or so, no steam arose, and it was only after careful investigation that I discovered that I had turned on the wrong switch, and that the porridge pot had been sitting all the time on a cold plate. Toast, too, had to be made, and it is extraordinary how quickly toast burns if one takes one's eyes off it even for the briefest interval. If King Alfred had lived in the days of electric cookery, he would, I am sure, have had his ears boxed not once, but hundreds of times. Having scraped the blackest parts of the toast off, however, I covered the wounds with margarine, and, with the tea made—and making tea is one of the few things I know about—I carried the breakfast tray upstairs, more or less in triumph. My friend, instead of expressing gratitude, merely said: "You've forgotten the sugar for the porridge. You'll find it in a glass jar in the cupboard in the bedroom beside the dining-room." I went downstairs, discovered a glass jar full of white stuff that looked like sugar. My friend, on seeing it, looked critical and said: "That's not sugar. That's Epsom salts."

Never before had I realised what a skilled trade is domestic service. There is nothing done in a house, so far as I can discover, from lighting a fire to making a bed, that does not call for the hand of a specialist and an artist. I made my own bed during the week-end, and I must admit that by three o'clock in the morning my feet were bare to the winds of Heaven and most of the bedclothes were round my neck. Never in my life have I felt more helpless than when surveying the results of my well-meant chores. I was like an elderly man unable to swim, thrown into deep and swirling waters.

The next thing I was called on to do was to feed the hens. That, you would think, is a fairly simple thing. All you have to do is to mash up a lot of repellent-looking food in a tin dish and carry it out to the coop. When I opened the door of the coop, however, the hens seemed to know at once that the food I had brought was as repellent as it looked. Their ration of balancer meal was temporarily finished, and, though hens will eat any kind of sludge tempered with balancer meal, they seem to know as well as we do that a dish of odds and ends without balancer meal contains none of that vitamin A that is so essential to gallinaceous health. Hence, when I opened the door of the coop, they flew out past me, and began to scrattle in the grass, the flower-bed and the vegetable bed, full of potatoes and seedlings, in search of the necessary vitamins. Only those who have tried to chase half a dozen vitamin-starved hens back into a coop know how difficult this is. To chase one in is easy enough, but, as one chases the second in, the first comes out again, Hens, with all their virtues, lack the herd-instinct of sheep; and, though they will run from you fast enough, most of them will run anywhere except through an open door. Nor can you walk after a hen as you can after a pig. It is all running, like the Captain's chase of Mr. Winkle round the Crescent at Bath. Perhaps, if one understood the technique of poultry-keeping, one could wheedle hens. But, being ignorant, I could only chase them with a pounding heart, leaping over row after row of seedlings in the vegetable plot, and praying that my foot might not fall on one of my friend's young potato-plants. By the time I had got all the hens back safely into the coop, I was convinced of two things — my incapacity for domestic service and my ignorance of the arts required in the conduct of a poultry farm.

What a relief it was to leave the cottage before lunch and to find oneself in the untroubled atmosphere of the local inn! Even there, however, men seemed to be descanting mainly on their troubles—but these were not my troubles. One man, who was apparently a combination of agricultural labourer and chauffeur, was talking bitterly of his employers because they insisted on his getting up early in the morning. "What I say is," he was telling a neighbour, "is that, if it's a good thing for one person to get up and eat his breakfast at half-past five in the morning, then it's a good thing for everybody to be up at the same time. That's fair, isn't it? I told Mrs.—" (obviously the farmer's wife) "straight what I thought about it. I said to her 'Why should I have to get up and have breakfast at half-past five in the morning, while some other people are laying in bed till half-past nine or ten, sleeping their guts out?' Later in the day, the boss comes to me and says: 'What do you mean by insulting my wife, and telling her she laid in bed, sleeping her guts out, till ten in the morning?' I says to him, 'I said nothing reflecting on your wife. My remarks were general.' 'Well,' he says, '"sleeping your guts out" isn't a very polite thing to say to a lady.' I says: 'I made no remarks except about those the cap may fit.' And I say to you, as I said to him: 'There's only one fair way of doing things. Let everybody get up at the same time.'"

Other men in the bar were discussing a neighbour who had recently been tossed by a bull—a bull with whom he had been on friendly terms for years. "You can never trust a bull," said one farmer. "People forget that it's the nature of a bull to be cross as he gets old. I remember a carpenter once who came to mend a gate on a farm, and he was told that the gate was on the far side of a field with a rather nasty old bull in it. 'I'm not afraid of bulls,' says he, and he sets off across the field with his tool-basket. Well, soon the old bull catches sight of him and sets after him, slowly at first and then running. The carpenter turns and throws his tool-basket at it, and the old bull begins tearing up the basket with his horns. Out of it falls a saw, and the carpenter snatches up the saw and runs round behind the bull and begins sawing, sawing at the animal's rump. Would you believe it, the old bull was so scared by this that he set off running for dear life and never stopped to look round till he had reached the far side of the field, by which time the carpenter was well over the gate and in safety. Still, it isn't everybody who would have been so sharp witted as the carpenter. I always say, 'Never trust a bull.'"

Listening to all this, I realised that other people besides myself have to face curious predicaments—predicaments even more difficult than that of the ignoramus who has to manage an electric stove, make toast and porridge, and distinguish between sugar and Epsom salts. I returned to the cottage in a more philosophic mood to open a tin of sausage-meat with a special kind of tin-opener which was supposed to make tin-opening easy. After struggling with it for a quarter of an hour, I got hold of an old-fashioned tin-opener, and, though the work was hard, all in the end went well. Y.Y.

FRENCH PICTURES IN LONDON

The French National Committee, obstacles notwithstanding, has made an interesting collection of twentieth-century paintings and sculpture, which might perhaps have been shown to greater advantage. Certainly there are better show-rooms in London than the Suffolk Street Gallery; but there are worse, and it seems a pity that so many works by the masters should have been huddled together in those two dingy little rooms at the far end. The "masters"—twentieth-century masters—here represented are Bonnard, Rouault, Modigliani, Utrillo, with whom, if we were to judge by this exhibition, would rank Marquet—his *Boulogne-sur-Mer* being one of the best things to be seen. All are fairly shown: everyone has seen Lord Sandwich's Bonnard, Mr. Eardley Knollys's remarkable Utrillo and exquisitely moving Modigliani, and the lovely little Rouault that belonged to Roger Fry and has for years been hidden away in the Courtauld Institute; and everyone will be happier for seeing them again. Segonzac, who, in my opinion, was never quite of the great, holds his own with a fine, if familiar, landscape; as much may be said for Dufresne with his less fine and less familiar *Caravansérai:* Braque is inadequately represented by one *Still Life.* It is, I think, proper to observe that, if the Committee felt it was wise to construct a sort of *salon carré* at the end of the gallery, they should have seen that it was unwise to saddle it with things by Van Dongen and Vertès.

Let us turn to the less notorious, to the men who are not yet classed as lords or lackeys. It is discouraging for amateurs of my generation to find that a good many of those who were the eagles of our nonage have turned out to be, not geese, but birds of some pedestrian kind—say penguins. There can, I fear, be little doubt that Friesz, Marchand, Asselin, Manguin, Lhote, Lurçat, Marie Laurencin—yes, and even Derain and Dufy—date: which is not to say that they are bad or negligible painters, but that they are of the ruck, that they help to compose that soil—that climate of an age—from which spring the singular blossoms. In this exhibition, at all events, they appear to be equalled, if not surpassed, by painters who, twenty or thirty years ago, were generally reckoned to belong to an inferior order—e.g., Camoin, Céria, Lebasque, Puy. Puy is a painter whom I have always respected; and *Harfleur* (another picture of Fry's rescued from the indecent obscurity of the Courtauld Institute) justifies my deference and confirms the judgment of the great critic. Both Camoin and Céria are well shown; and their pictures make me suspect that in the past we under-rated them.

But if here is something for discouragement and—for the critic—contrition, here also is matter for satisfaction. Works by certain young and middle-aged men whom I admired and in whose progress I rejoiced in those far-off days when Paris was more accessible than Cambridge, now, seen after a lapse of four or five years, assure me that I made no mistake: what is more to the point, here and now they will delight picture-lovers. Marcoussis—a French citizen, to be sure, though a Pole by birth—contributes a small abstraction of great beauty. A little figure by Balthus is as good as I should have expected it to be—which is saying much. Brianchon is genuinely promising. A girl in a red hat by Oberlé is the best thing by him I have yet seen, though the influence of Derain is still excessive. Finally, here are some nice bits of sculpture by Maillol, Renoir, Despiau; a bronze by Picasso and a study by Rodin. Anyone can see that this is an exhibition to be visited more than once.

CLIVE BELL

ITALIAN FROM THE B.B.C.

On Sunday morning the B.B.C. gave us a present as welcome as it was unexpected: fifty minutes of Verdi recorded in bulk at one of Toscanini's radio concerts with his wonderful N.B.C. orchestra in New York. Once again we heard the prelude to the third act of *La Traviata* given with those long sweeping strokes of the brush which no other conductor can equal; it was a revelation; as with French acting, one had forgotten that pleasures so intense existed. But the programme contained pieces unfamiliar even to the confirmed Verdian: for example, that remarkable trio from *I Lombardi* with its curiously elaborate obbligato for solo violin and the great *cantabile* theme handed on from voice to voice like a banner. The principal curiosity, however, was the *Inno delle Nazioni*, a cantata written for the International Exhibition of 1862. This is far better than the frigid *pièce d'occasion* one expects; whether stirring or "amusing," it is never dull, and it concludes with artfully foreshortened versions of "God Save the King," the "Marseillaise" and an Italian "Hymn to Freedom" to which Toscanini has himself added after "*la mia patria*" the epithet "*tradita*" ("betrayed").

What made the concert significant as well as enjoyable was the reappearance on the Home wavelength, after three years of boycott, of the Italian language. This event marks, we presume, the end of a policy so inexplicable that few serious attempts have been made to explain it. The facts, which are surprisingly little known, are that an absolute embargo has rested on the use, whether spoken or sung, of German or Italian in the Home or Forces programmes of the B.B.C. We have thus deprived ourselves of all chance of hearing, even on gramophone records, the great vocal interpreters of what remain, when all is said and done, the two leading national schools of music in the world. The result has been a large self-inflicted hole in the already threadbare garment of international European culture; or, to change the metaphor, the absence of an essential vitamin in our musical diet. It was explained that confusion would result from the use of enemy languages from an English station; considering the flood of our broadcasts to Germany and Italy in their own languages all over the waveband, this argument seemed ludicrous: still more so after the fall of France, when all the French stations began to work overtime for the Axis and there was no corresponding veto on our use of French. One curious result of the ban on Italian has been that Benjamin Britten's *Seven Michelangelo Sonnets*, by common consent among the most brilliant productions of recent English music, have been repeatedly heard on most B.B.C. services except the Home. The position, forced no doubt on the B.B.C. by unintelligent outside pressure, has been in fact both provoking and untenable, and it is curious that so little protest has been aroused by this infringement of our liberties. The Verdi broadcast marks, it is to be hoped, the end of this folly; if not, we have a right to know who is responsible for a policy which, being indefensible on grounds of security, can be regarded only as a concession to the vulgarest prejudice.

PETER GALWAY

THE MOVIES

"Greek Testament," and March of Time, "Inside Fascist Spain," at the Empire

"Chetniks!" at Tivoli

Discreetly, at intervals, the Free Governments in London put out their films of a country under occupation and a people still fighting for freedom. The critic, on such occasions, is more than prepared to co-operate; shortcomings of one sort or another will go unnoticed, and for once he won't be ashamed to show his feelings. What is the shock, then, to find that the film, for which an embassy has assembled, is the most commonplace of thrillers, of Oppenheim or Orczy vintage! This has happened to me a number of times, so that now I go to such films armed with indifference. The Nazi officer will wear a monocle, there will be a touching moment when schoolchildren pipe up the national anthem, and then in the small hours a boat carrying hero and heroine will steal away to England. *Greek Testament*, I am very glad to say, breaks this sequence of well-meaning inanities. No story-merchant has been allowed to get in first; instead the direction was given to Cavalcanti, who approached his theme from the other end, collecting all there was in the way of documentary and building on that. The Athens film, seen a little while ago at the Academy, provided many beautiful shots of landscape and city; and there was another film, I believe, of one of the islands, which has also been drawn from. Very little seems to have survived of actual news-reels showing the war: a few minutes of Greek soldiers on a mountain pass, Tommies pelted with flowers in the streets. Cavalcanti has done more than put this material together; with a couple of narrators, a few sailors escaped from Greece, a boat of the Free Greek navy, and here and there a studio scene cunningly inserted, he has made a film that is adequate, dignified and moving. In *Greek Testament* the tragedy is implicit in the calm and lovely scenes with which the film opens—scenes that the average director would banish into a background—and because fiction is so sparsely used the occasional glimpse of bereaved families or the firing squad strikes home as it cannot do in the melodramas that deal lightly with such things. One comes away from *Greek Testament* with a renewed feeling for Greece—which includes in my case regrets for never having been there. I don't say that this film is a brilliant achievement—you won't find it anywhere heading programmes—but it is admirably workmanlike. Cavalcanti respects his theme. I only wish that othre Free Governments, which too readily give their blessing and co-operation, would learn from Cavalcanti. France, for example, notably lacks any respect-worthy film of the kind.

By contrast, *Chetniks!* gives us a Jugoslavia as seen from Hollywood. The Guerrillas and the Nazis are cowboys and Indians in a new guise, and the more feeling we have for Jugoslavia and its rebel armies the less sympathetic we shall be towards these excitements of the screen. A handful of guerrillas massacres five Nazi regiments. It's as easy as that!

March of Time at its old best, honest and fearless. The Falange authorities seem to have been proud for these photographs to be taken. They show tiny Spanish boys being drilled for future wars, Spanish children drinking in stories of the past greatness of the Spanish Empire in South America, which they are told is some day again to belong to Fascist Spain; there are close-ups of officers and clerics whose faces are eloquent enough to anyone outside the closed circle of Franco's censorship; there are revealing pictures of the origin of the regime, of the remnants of Spain's once fine intellectuals and independent workers still in prison; and there is enough about the economic situation to show that the lower half of Spain starves not because there need be no food, but because of the economic insanity of the administration. The implications of the photographs are not hidden by the commentary.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

APOLOGY

We stated last week that Mr. William Coldstream had consented to become an Associate of the Royal Academy. We now understand that he was elected without his consent, and we offer him our apologies for any pain our mistake may have caused him.

Correspondence

DESIGN IN INDUSTRY

SIR,—I have been greatly interested in many of the points raised by Freda White in her article, "The Wood and the Trees," in your issue of May 1st, but I feel that I must protest against her disparaging comments on English glass and her rather fulsome flattery of Swedish products. She admits our capacity to produce glass of good technical quality, but suggests that we ought to send our glass-makers abroad to learn their job. Surely this is going too far! I can state without fear of contradiction that our glass-makers are craftsmen of the highest order, who have inherited the technical skill of their forefathers of 200 years ago when English glass was acknowledged to be beyond compare. When given the opportunity these craftsmen are quite capable of carrying out the ideas of the many good designers with creative talent which we have in this country.

Much to my regret I must admit that the general standard of taste here does not encourage excursions into the realm of design dependent upon the beauty of line and form rather than upon applied decoration. The glass-buying public almost appears to have been brought up in the spirit of the "penny plain, tuppence coloured" adage. They are willing to pay a big price for a heavily cut article, but hardly think they would be getting their money's worth if they were to pay a reasonable price for an undecorated piece of exquisite form, although the latter may even cost as much to produce if it is to be technically perfect.

To me the real hope for the future lies with the education of the rising generation, who should have the mind and eye directed to the perception of what is good, so that the taste of both purchaser and manufacturer may combine to ensure the production of the beautiful in all branches of industry.

JAMES HOGAN, R.D.I.

James Powell & Sons (Whitefriars) Ltd.,
Whitefriars Glass Works,
Wealdstone, Middlesex.

SIR,—Miss White asks, "Now why can Finns and Swedes make good, cheap furniture when we do not?" and later states categorically that "the furniture for living- and bedrooms is fundamentally unsuited to standardisation and mass production. To realise this it is only necessary to visit any institution, from a Government office to an orphanage, and notice the gloom inspired by the furniture." The answer to the question is that the Finns and Swedes have employed the methods which Miss White says are useless. They have trained and brought into industry competent designers to study mass-production methods and, at the same time, by using the results of their work in schools and public buildings they have gradually built up a more critical public. This public not only demands good design and workmanship at reasonable prices but gets it. Miss White mentions Alvar Aalto, whose designs are fresh, vigorous and realistic. We shall never succeed in emulating the Scandinavians so long as pernicious nonsense is talked about furniture being unsuitable for production by modern methods. The reason for the gloom inspired by most institution furniture is that there are so many people, like Miss White, who do not think it is worth taking the trouble to design machine-made furniture properly. But is there any other conceivable way of producing well-designed, well-made furniture at prices that most people can afford?

There is some doubt in my mind as to whether the walnut trees or the furniture industry would be the more difficult to acclimatise in the Highlands. We need a bold and realist approach to this important problem of producing houses and everything in them for the masses.

GORDON RUSSELL

Proadway,
Worcestershire.

STATE MEDICAL SERVICE

SIR,—The arguments about choice of doctor and patient, useful though they may be, have an air of unreality about them. For ordinary people the question is treatment or no treatment. I have discussed this in A.B.C.A. classes with both soldiers and A.T.S. Two groups of A.T.S. (25 each, clerks, cooks, drivers, orderlies—working- and middle-class mixed) were asked whether they thought they had been better or worse off—medically speaking—in the Army or in civilian life. Not one felt that she had been better off under the present civilian system (though it was admitted that personal choice of doctors has a great psychological effect). Over 80 per cent. definitely voted for the Army system. Points made: middle-class persons can't afford the specialists' service which the Army provides (middle-class girl); there's not much to choose in personal attention between the normal panel consultation and the normal Army M.O.'s inspection (working class). The free availability of specialists was particularly appreciated.

This is not intended to be a boost for Army Medical Services. It is intended to argue that a universal free medical service is what the people want, even when, as in the Army, it is combined with a disciplinary routine which makes it less attractive. Women, at any rate, are interested in the reality of medical attention rather than the metaphysical question of free choice. (Needless to say, a peacetime medical service would not require the irksome restrictions which the Army must impose.)

Whether the response among men would be quite so unanimous, I do not know. Probably it would.

SGT. INSTRUCTOR

ETHICS WITHOUT REVELATION

SIR,—I think I understand more clearly your point of view now that you have given some supporting arguments for the incredibility of revealed religion. If, as it appears, your religious friends have been largely of the "eager to please," apologist type, then I can appreciate your reaction, for nothing is more destructive of belief, or the will to belief, than feeble attempts to "get round" apparent incompatibilities, or to water down doctrinal facts by poetical interpretations.

I can assure you, however, that no such devices are needed: I am hesitant to develop too far the implications of this statement for fear of exposing myself to the charge of turning a subject of debate into an opportunity for proselytising: but I must emphasise the fact that to one who is prepared to reject preconceptions of incompatibility there is nothing whatever incompatible between the *literal* statements of the creeds and any of the facts and legitimate theses advanced by modern science. I admit that it is not easy to regard impartially a subject on which one has passed decisive judgment many years since. The bulk of modern English writing is undoubtedly saturated with the agnostic attitude, and a very positive effort of will is required to "black-out" this prejudicial background, and to consider coldly whether in fact there is any sound reason to deny the credibility of the idea of the divinity of Christ: for this is the central theme of Christian belief, from which all minor doctrines logically spring: believe this, and the rest is inevitable to anyone with habits of scientific deduction.

You may, after really impartial consideration, still reject the divinity of Christ: but I doubt whether you will reject the credibility of the notion, and I think you will find that nothing whatever in the claims of modern science even touches the problem. If Christ was God, if He represents the intersection of the Infinite with the finite, then His attributes are beyond the limitations of finite knowledge; and the zone of this intersection is bound to offer a unique symbiosis of infinite and finite characters. Thus the divine intervention must inevitably dovetail into the immanent characteristics of human life, so that as Fraser has shown, the Christian religion is organically related to, and in a sense developed from, temporally, precedent human religions. On the same basis, events such as the Resurrection, the Virgin Birth, and miracles, do not need scientific justification; they are scientifically necessary results of the fusion of the finite and the Infinite. After all, even mathematical infinity refuses to bow to the exigencies of a finite x, and we do not reject as incredible the statement that $\infty - x = \infty$ however much it transgresses the rules of arithmetic of finite numbers. Why should we refuse to allow the personal Infinite the freedom from limitations which we grant to a mathematical symbol?

To be quite honest, I think that you agnostics have for too long got away with too many completely irrational assumptions. Take Mr. Davenport's remark that "the Rector goes too far in asking rational people to accept outmoded theological doctrines." That kind of remark is neither good agnosticism nor honest disbelief; it breaks the canons of fair debate by implying that those who disagree are beyond the intellectual pale, and virtually attempts to attribute unanswerable certainty to a purely individual opinion. And that indeed *is* incompatible, not with science, but with freedom of thought.

Gray's Cottage, HERBERT V. RANCE
Candlemas Lane, Beaconsfield.

[This letter has at least the merit of clarifying the point at issue. We said that an understanding of a large body of modern knowledge seemed to us incompatible with belief in certain Christian dogmas. Mr. Rance said he found no incompatibility. He now explains that he performs the task of reconciliation by assuming that Christ is "the intersection of the finite and the infinite," and that the rest follows. He

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agrees with agnostics that this assumption comes from a realm beyond the limitations of finite knowledge. In a word, it is a matter of revelation. No such revelation is vouchsafed to us.—Ed. *N.S & N.*]

PATRICK TRENCH

Sir,—May I thank "Critic" for his remarks about Patrick Trench? As one of the "cranks," I should like to say how much his possible loss means to Cambridge. We used to summarise his career in the formula: "C.O. 1940; D.S.O. 1942." Certainly he came as near as possible to combining the virtues of pacifism and militarism. Living the double life of a French poet and a Homeric hero, he used to cycle out to the aerodrome in the early mornings, and described them—not his grim work—on his return to civilisation. He hated to be seen in uniform, and preferred to be mistaken for an undergraduate. There is a portrait of Daskal which has caught his expression of slightly sensual discrimination. He was extremely scrupulous about avoiding non-military objectives, and he was particularly distressed at the destruction of the ducal palaces at Genoa, he having led the attack to the other side of the harbour. Like Saint-Exupéry, he gloried in aviation for its own sake, and never lost his sensitive revulsion from the task he felt bound to perform. I put down in a poem after his disappearance: "He displayed tenderness in the heart of the nightmare." Recently I came across his copy of "King Lear," which opened at the encouraging passage: "Ten masts make not the altitude which thou hast perpendicularly fell. Thy life's a miracle."

Incidentally, he had given up the idea of going to China. He decided to continue his operations over Europe, so as to go on living in Cambridge. Unlike the don in the anecdote, he *was* the civilisation for which he was fighting. We agreed to differ as to the choice of weapons. Once, after a long philosophic discussion, I applied to our two worlds the formula of Matthew Arnold: "One dead, the other powerless to be born." He replied very simply: "Neither either."

Walter Roberts

The Peacock,
Cambridge.

C.E.M.A. AT CAMBRIDGE

Sir,—Those of us who live in Cambridge were delighted to read "Critic's" appreciation of what is being done here to maintain civilised activities in wartime. May I add a few facts that "Critic" did not have space to mention? Mr. Norman Marshall, the producer of the Arts Theatre Repertory Company, has shown not only uncommon technical ability, good and catholic taste in his choice of plays. Already he has given us plays by authors so various as Chehov, Ibsen, Pinero, Richard Oke and Molnar. He is now showing the first dramatised version of Dostoevsky's *Idiot*. Cambridge amateurs, moreover, have acted very successfully *Othello* and T. S. Eliot's *Family Reunion*. Also at the Arts Theatre there have been admirable concerts, including performances of new works by Benjamin Britten. In Lord Rothschild's collection shown by C.E.M.A. at the Fitzwilliam are not only English Old Masters but splendid specimens of Cézanne and Renoir. We are now looking forward to Sir Max Beerbohm's Rede Lecture on Lytton Strachey (May 20th) and an evening at the Arts Theatre (May 30th) when Peggy Ashcroft, Robert Harris and John Laurie will read poetry and Natasha Letvin will play music in harmony with the motif of the poems. This also has been arranged by C.E.M.A.

T. W.

WAITING FOR BEVERIDGE

Sir,—As one of the students present on the two occasions of "Saratar's" visits to the Skin Clinic of this hospital I should like to reply to some of his accusations.

On each occasion he was treated with perfect courtesy by the examining doctor, despite the fact that he occupied some three times his fair share of time telling us of his personal and literary affairs, and replying to all questions with wearisome garrulity.

His condition then was very mild and the "crude" tar preparation prescribed happens to be the most effective form of treatment for this complaint. If applied as directed, the dermatitis would almost certainly have cleared up in a fortnight. I find it quite impossible to believe that "Saratar" possessed no clean rag or old shirts for the protection of his clothing during this time.

The remainder of his sorry tale must, I fear, be regarded as the consequences of his own folly. Our overworked hospitals suffer considerably from a small proportion of patients, usually uneducated, who entertain the naive belief that our great hospitals vary in the degree of their medical knowledge and skill.

Such individuals embark on just that trek which "Saratar" describes so well. At each halt their case must be studied afresh from the beginning, and exactly similar problems treated on exactly similar lines, the condition now aggravated by neglect.

It is hardly surprising that the welcoming smile is a little strained, and enthusiasm lacking among the unfortunate doctors who greet them. After two years' attendance at out-patient departments, I can assure you that the hearsay hell created by consultants for patients too poor to pay is no more than the fairy tale it sounds. Perhaps if I point out that each consultant performs before an audience of 10–30 students it will emphasise the improbability of such behaviour.

No one could help agreeing that the long hours of waiting entailed at hospitals must be eliminated. The system of appointments has been tried, but the difficulties are twofold. First, it is impossible to tell beforehand whether a given patient will take up two or twenty minutes, while, secondly, in hospitals where appointments have been tried, patients failed to keep them, thus causing disorganisation. This does not invalidate the principle, of course, but explains some of the delay in adopting the scheme.

Nor can a defence of the almoner system be attempted, and the more enlightened of us look forward to its speedy disappearance.

Hippo

THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS

Sir,—Mr. Kingsley Martin suggests in his review of my book that I hedge. I sometimes do because I don't know the answer and dislike prophesying unless I know—and I have realised, belatedly, that I seldom know. But in the two instances given I am ready to prophesy. It is not because I don't want to face the problem presented to nationalism by the fact of its supersession, that I don't discuss it. I don't believe that any such process is under way. Nationalism, alas, is stronger now than in 1939, 1919, 1914. I see no signs in the immediate future of its being weakened. Here my fault is not that I hedge, but that I have not succeeded in making myself clear.

I do hedge on the future of the public schools. First, for the type of book I was trying to write, hedging is not necessarily a fault. But I am willing—in your pages—to guess. My guess is that all public schools but the richest and most securely established will find themselves insolvent and over-equipped for the effective demand from parents. They will have to change or disappear *unless* they can get from a Conservative Government grants of public funds given on conditions that do not alter their fundamental role as reflectors and supporters of the inegalitarian character of English life.

Conservatives will naturally try to secure this financial support for the public schools. If there is no profound social change in England, they will, I think, succeed. I am not sure there will be no profound social changes and I am not quite certain that the Conservatives will bring it off. But my guess is that they will. I will close with a judgment. I think such a success will be unfortunate for the country.

D. W. Brogan

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BOOKS IN GENERAL

THE elevation of Time or History to the godhead is the great achievement of the nineteenth century, the outcome of its unrest and the cause of its torment. Darwin and Marx go hand in glove here. It is hard for us who have been brought up in the felicity of the new dispensation and who are as prepared to meet its evils as our grandparents were to meet the threats of hellfire—it is hard for us to understand this particular Victorian agony. We have had no Jehovah torn from us. That we cannot imagine Him may be a dangerous weakness, indicating what I suspect is very common—that we have had little religious and next to no scientific education. We do not know the roots from which we have grown or even the ground in which we are planted, and we do not bother to learn because science or the effects of science have, on the whole, been presented to us in an almost totally unimaginative and impersonal form. I say "on the whole." An exception at once comes to my mind. I am thinking of Winwood Reade's *Martyrdom of Man**. The science and history of this extraordinary book which was written in 1873, may not be accurate to-day, but they come fresh from the impact with the inner Victorian conflict and are electrified by the peculiar anguish of one who has lost his faith and has wrenched his way into a new freedom. *The Martyrdom of Man* is a personal document and an attempt of genius to implant in our minds an atheists' sense of human destiny in vivid, tragic and poetic terms. Reade's book is distinguished from other rationalist apologies and from the works of minds more comprehensive and serene, by being, like Darwin's, the work of a traveller. The age lived—it has often been remarked—in a daydream of Oriental history; they drowsed in their pews, bemused by parables of the desert and by exotic tales of sacrifice, concubines and caravans. Reade did not in fact go to Palestine, but on the Niger he heard of the desert and he saw primitive life. He followed the Ashanti war; and the contact with a life so brutally unlike the world of mild English pieties started him on an omnivorous revaluation of human history. *The Martyrdom of Man* is not an original book, that is to say its material is not original. His attack on Christianity, his ruthless criticism of Jesus are not new; his atheism would be conventional if it were not extreme. And his attempt to define human history as an evolution from war to religion, liberty and finally the triumph of the intellect, is made in a series of startling hops to convenient landing grounds. The poet also was sometimes crude and often became the journalist. But when all this is said, the passion and vitality behind the book are tremendous; and if he does not arrive at his goal and satisfy us that the tragedy of man is truly stated, he has brought an enormous panorama, burning in an unforgettable brilliance, before our eyes. We are in contact with a man. We feel a personality. I doubt if anyone has made the history of Egypt and Palestine so vivid to the reader as Reade did in the early chapters of his book, so that we are conscious of the blood of history in the pulse of man and the rough, cruel hand of natural law upon his shoulders. We are the martyrs as well as the heirs of evolution. "Life is one long tragedy. Creation is one great crime." Reade's great gift was descriptive; he could seize without hesitation upon the essence of a scene or a process; where other writers generalise he deploys the dramatic detail. He has, for example, been describing the greatness of Memphis, and the suddenness of the Egyptian fall before the terror of the Arab horses. The civilised are driven into exile:

> In Egypt Nature was a gentle handmaid; in Ethiopia she was a cruel and capricious queen. The sky flashed and bellowed against them; the rain fell in torrents, and battered down the houses of the Ethiopians, wretched huts like hay-ricks, round in body with a cone-shaped roof, built of grass and mud. The lowlands changed beneath the flood, not into meadows of flowers and fields of waving corn, but into a pestilential morass. At the rising of the dog-star came a terrible fly which drove even the wild beasts from the river banks and destroyed all flocks and herds. At that evil season the Egyptian colonists were forced to migrate to the forests of the interior, which were filled with savage tribes. Here were the Troglodytes, who lived under ground. An ointment was their only dress; their language resembled the hissing of serpents and the whistling of bats. Every month they indulged in a carouse; every month they opened the veins of their sheep and drank of the warm and gurgling blood as if it had been delicious wine. They made merry when they buried their dead, and, roaring with laughter, cast stones upon the corpse until it was concealed from view. Here were the root-eaters, the twig-eaters, and the seed-eaters, who lived entirely on such wretched kinds of food. Here were the elephant eaters, who, sitting on the tops of trees like birds, watched the roads, and when they had sighted a herd crept after it, and hovered round it till the sleepy hour of noon arrived. Then they selected a victim, stole up to it snake-like from behind, hamstrung the enormous creature with a dextrous cut from a sharp sword, and as it lay helpless on the ground, feasted upon morsels of its live and palpitating flesh. Here were the locust-eaters, whose harvest was a passing swarm, for they lit a smoky fire underneath, which made the insects fall like withered leaves; they roasted them, pounded them, and made them into cakes of salt. The fish-eaters dwelt by the coral-lined borders of the Red Sea; they lived in wigwams thatched with sea-weed, with ribs of whales for the rafters and the walls. The richest men were those who possessed the largest bones. There was no fresh water near the shore where they hunted for their food. At stated times they went in herds like cattle to the distant river-side, and singing to one another discordant songs, lay flat on their bellies and drank till they were gorged.

How that passage does its double work. It describes an historical experience so that we are not likely to forget it; but above all it breaks down the daydream world of history as it had been presented by the Christian tradition with its solacing line of division between the chosen and the unchosen. The reader was made to feel that he had been deceived by his beliefs, chained by his faith, that he had lived in a temple of closed doors. To the mass of Victorians, Reade's attack on religion was monstrous and his picture of Jesus as a whining, resentful prophet was horrible; but, after reading it, many must have felt that they had been in that place and had seen that man for the first time. Reade felt the process of evolution, the process of good things becoming evil and evil things becoming good, as if these were an almost pleasurable torture. His portraits of Alexander, Cato and Mohammed, his picture of the destruction of Carthage and—towards the end of the book—his story of the struggle against slavery, have the same physical vividness and display the same ruthlessness of a mind which has stepped out of the accepted paths. He sets up as a kind of John the Baptist before the baptism.

Reade was not an original scholar. He relied avowedly upon the works of others. But unlike the usual populariser of scientific knowledge he made his own road through the mass of material and gave it his own stamp. This was a very curious one. It was very Victorian and in some respects comically so. This comes out especially in his attitude to women. He gets some little sadistic pleasure at the thought of the savage bride who is captured by a blow of the club and dragged by the hair to the hut of her conqueror and he seems to have based his view of the character of women on a quaint mixture of this savage past with the mild habits of ladies in the Victorian drawing room. Women are timid, do not pursue, are reserved, modest and lofty in their idealism and correct in their conduct; nature has obliged them to overcome voluptuousness. One may see an example of primitive timidity transformed by civilisation, in the noble sight of a true woman languishing away in silence because her lover has not proposed. Women have become ennobled by their chains; and one could wish that men, so destructively and selfishly addicted to the disgusting satisfaction of random sexual appetite and secret sensualifies, could be similarly bound. It will strike the reader that evolution must have been at its work with especial speed since 1873. Winwood Reade had obsessions about sexual temptation such as are so often noticeable in the character of explorers. Exploration, and self-torture and guilt, seem to be common companions.

Another Victorian characteristic — characteristic, that is, of the Victorian rationalists—is the sense of loss. We see that in Hardy: the bitter regret for a faith they cannot feel. This sense of loss appears in many places in *The Martyrdom of Man*—in the title first of all—but it is expressed unmistakeably in the last paragraph of the book; note the stress on torture:

> In each generation the human race has been tortured that their children might profit by their woes. Our own prosperity is founded on the agonies of the past. Is it therefore unjust that we also should suffer for the benefit of those to come? Famine, pestilence and war are no longer essential for the advancement of the human race. But a season of mental anguish is at hand, and through this we must pass in order that our posterity may rise. The soul must be sacrificed, the hope in immortality must die. A sweet and charming illusion must be taken from the human race, as youth and beauty vanish never to return.

This, I would think, has been less of a difficulty to later agnostics than it was to Reade. His mind had traced disinterestedly the rise and fall of cultures and had discerned a clear evolutionary path, from war to religion, from religion to liberty, and the free intellect. But his heart hankered after its ancient attachment. If Nature was indifferent to man, man could not be indifferent to Nature. Yet war had ceased. In 1873 it was possible to say that Nature had no future use for major wars. The burden of evolution was to be borne by the brain. It had, in some way, and under mysterious strains which he alluded to but did not describe or define, to evolve into something higher. Reade did not define the end because, one suspects, he really believed the intellect had gone as far as it could. He was a middle-class man. He was immensely pleased with middle-class society. The enlightened middle-class man, set between the aristocracy and the masses—those masses who had been responsible for introducing the inevitable but dubious gift of Christianity to the world—was in a superlative position of judgment. He was free from superstitution. How regrettable that this happy situation could not last! Reade, one notices, talks continually of man; he is aware of some social forces; but he is not aware of society organically, He is, for example, anti-socialist. The sense of loss is, one suspects, not of loss only; it is a sense of isolation.

One notices, too, about many who took Darwinism violently that, like the Victorian manufacturers, they were delighted by the justification of power in the doctrine of the survival of the fittest. They enjoyed that contact with the primitive which the detached discussion of race gave them. They liked the sense of the relativity of moral sanctions. They could not object to "the bloody and dirty hands of Nature." The door was opened for the superman, the worship of power, for the ruthless and the irrational. The drastic and solitary Reade who admired with a touching reluctance the beauties of the Christian achievement, favoured forced labour for the blacks. He hated Jesus for befriending the poor. He described the notion that God was Love, as if it was a racket. He did not observe, as I think we have cause to do, the value given to mercy and pity in the Christian tradition. We eye his philosophy therefore with doubt even where we agree. But his is the one, the outstanding, dramatic, imaginative, historical picture of life, to be inspired by Victorian science.

V. S. PRITCHETT

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* *The Martyrdom of Man.* By Winwood Reade. Cape. Travellers' Library.

EUROPE'S RADIO WAR

Voices In The Darkness. By TANGYE LEAN. *Secker and Warburg.* 15s.

The objectives of "political" or, as the Americans more aptly call it, "psychological" warfare, can be succinctly stated: They are, defensively, to maintain among "the faithful" hatred of the enemy and belief in victory, and, offensively, to weaken the enemy's will to fight, by persuading him either that the contest is hopeless or that the conditions obtainable by capitulation would be at least preferable to continuing hostilities. Offensive propaganda, therefore, will employ in accordance with circumstances a judicious mixture of toughness and sweet reasonableness. That is, it will emphasise the strength of its own side while pointing to real or fictitious weaknesses—faulty or insufficient armament, evil war aims, internal friction and treachery—in the enemy's camp; but, having thus tried to sow among the enemy dismay and terror, it will offer an escape clause—Fourteen Points or Atlantic Charter—lest the enemy derive courage from unqualified despair. In these psychological operations there must, of course, always be a basis of reality: the armed forces must be a genuine threat, the offered or implied terms of peace not wholly nebulous. This assumed, the range of media, the weapons of the psychological warrior, is wide. It includes all the means whereby opinion can be created, from the solemn declaration by a Head of State, through straightforward dissemination of news, to the invention and spreading of bogus atrocities (e.g., the Katin Wood) or demoralising rumours.

It is with the part played by radio in attacking morale that Mr. Tangye Lean deals. His book is not an attempt to analyse comprehensively Europe's psychological warfare operations—an interesting study for post-war fulfilment. His field is of necessity narrower. Between a preface on lines made familiar by *Insanity Fair* and an epilogue in the manner of Socrates edited by Mr. Ernest Hemingway he has sandwiched a lively and intelligent account of the activities since 1939 of the B.B.C.'s European Service and the broadcasting stations controlled by the Axis. For the voices on both sides the audience has been mixed, consisting partly of the enemy and partly of the populations to be, respectively, "tranquillised" and "liberated." But the techniques of the B.B.C. and of the Radio Department of Dr. Goebbels have differed significantly. It is not merely that the B.B.C. has been in the main truthful in its news bulletins and consistent, as between national groups of listeners, in its presentation of the aims of the United Nations, whereas Axis broadcasters have had scant regard for truth or consistency; the real difference is that radio in enemy hands has been used, to an extent not attempted by the B.B.C., as a short-term operational weapon whose objective has been the production of quick effects without much consideration of ultimate consequences.

The best example, perhaps, of the German method is the radio campaign (summarised fully by Mr. Lean) in support of operations in France in 1940—a campaign in which the use of misleading rumour and distortion of news (particularly as to the attitude of the B.E.F. and the British Government) played an immediately effective part, though most Frenchmen must afterwards have realised to some extent that the enemy lied. Here Dr. Goebbels had an easy wicket on which to play, and the B.B.C. has not as yet enjoyed a similar opportunity. Could the Voice of Britain exploit it without forfeiting the greatest asset which it has built up—its reputation for credibility? Mr. Lean glances at, but does not answer, the question. What his book does is to give a valuable, if not deeply critical, picture of the way in which the B.B.C., apart from its dissemination of relatively objective news, has endeavoured to project on to the Continent—enemy and occupied—an image of Britain, determinedly hostile to Fascism, resolute in war effort, the liberator, in the name of freedom and democracy, of all the enslaved peoples. If at times the image has been a trifle blurred, as on the occasion of the *affaire Darlan*, the fault does not rest with the B.B.C.; nor have we yet scored enough military victories to enable British radio to rival the dramatic qualities of the (now less frequent) German *Sondermeldung*. The point is that the B.B.C.'s operations have had an essentially long-term objective—the acquisition of an audience, enemy and potentially allied, on the Continent whose minds will have been persuaded to accept the "voices in the darkness" which emanate from London as those of honest friends and formidable but unmalicious foes. When the B.B.C. has departed from that consistent, if unsensational, policy (in which it functions as agent rather than principal) and has indulged in creative eccentricities of its own, like Colonel Britton's campaign, it has not been conspicuously successful. Within the scope of its chosen aims, however, the B.B.C.'s European Service can fairly claim to have done a good job, and it has found in Mr. Lean a most readable interim historian. Having been himself a member of the organisation he is naturally inclined to emphasise the part played by radio in influencing opinion, even when the ether is made hideous by "jamming" and the death penalty may hang over the listener's head. Can radio, or any form of propaganda, do more than intensify a current of opinion already in flood? Not until long after this war shall we know the answer.

JOHN GALLOWAY

CASTLES IN THE AIR

People's Homes. A Survey conducted by Mass-Observation for the Advertising Service Guild. *John Murray.* 10s.

This investigation into the homes and domestic ideals of working people living in certain areas of London, the Home Counties, the Midlands, Garden Cities, L.C.C. Estates, and so on, will—or should—administer a shock to many of our New Town planners. Those architects of the future who have taken it for granted that their ideals correspond with the "higher" ideals and ambitions of the "working classes," may be led by this book to hesitate before giving material form to building schemes based on abstract ideas far from coinciding with the desires and hopes of those most immediately concerned—the future occupants of the dwellings designed. Nearly all these town planners have a *penchant* for blocks of flats, as the neatest and most convenient method of housing hygienically the bulk of working families as well as a considerable section of the "black-coated" class. But the authors of *People's Homes* tell us that although they found a marked tendency among working people to grow attached to any kind of "home" to which they have become used, flats "are unpopular among the vast mass of people, particularly those with small children." Yet, in the samples studied in this survey, 59 per cent. of flat dwellers had children under fourteen living with them and 72 per cent. of flat dwellers said that they "would prefer to move to some sort of house if they had the choice."

This is no new attitude. Practically all of us who have lived for any length of time in the poorer quarters of our cities, and seen the replacement of street after street of insanitary little houses by entirely sanitary blocks of council flats will, if we are in sympathetic touch with the people who have lived in both, have heard from the occupants almost universal expressions of disappointment and regret over the reforms forced upon them.

If we are content to consider the business of home-building in the terms of old-fashioned hygiene, oblivious of the fact that men, women and children have needs other than cleanliness, neatness and orderliness, then the average council flat, like the modern prison cell and the infirmary ward, represents tremendous advance on the average industrial worker's house as it existed in the time of Queen Victoria. But the hygienic man, woman or child is almost as imaginary as is the economic man or the unicorn. For the most part, these flats are well built, and for people who merely want somewhere to sleep and to have a meal in privacy, or to read a book, or to liste to the wireless, they adequately satisfy a genuin human need. With certain added amenities, more attractive layout of the surrounding land good nursery schools, communal laundries an restaurants, such as those seen on the Kens House Estate—in the planning of which Mis Denby played an active and useful part—fla might well make a wider appeal to working people These are very different from any flats with which the Mass-Observation witnesses were familiar—and, incidentally, are let at much lower rents. But even such flats would almost certainly fai to satisfy the tastes and real interests of a majority of English working men and women.

In 1936, Miss Denby—then, I believe, the first woman to be invited to lecture to the R.I.B.A.—told the architects that "Flats are intensely unpopular among working people, who consider that they provide an environment which is entirely unsuitable for family life." The Mass-Observation investigators found that women are more in favour of living in flats than are men; and that people under forty are slightly more in favour than are older people. But they conclude that "flats are not the sort of dwellings most people want to live in all their lives," though they are not so obviously unsuitable for single people and for young couples for a period after marriage and before children start to arrive, and again when the family has grown up and left home. Even among these categories the great majority would not wish, and certainly should not be compelled, to live in flats.

A significant point brought out in this Mass-Observation survey is that the majority of people interviewed seemed incapable of imagining the sort of world in which they would be allowed to choose the home they wanted, and at the same time be able to afford the rent to pay for it. In many of them the faculty of abstract "fancying" seemed never to have developed; and, consequently, they took their present or any future home for granted, and did not give the problem much further thought. In practically all the areas investigated, however, the desire for a garden was found to be strong—even in the district where the desire was least marked 79 per cent. wanted one.

On the whole, housewives showed themselves to be a very long-suffering race, as far as housing conditions are concerned; and they are inclined to put up with much, even though quite capable of envisaging the sort of home they would like to have. Most people, men and women, who want to move to a small house with a garden, picture a small modern house with plenty of labour-saving devices, self contained, and as private as possible. Indeed, the "own front door," which can be shut, plays a large part in the picture. "A garden that is overlooked, windows which neighbours can see into, balconies visible from the road or the house opposite, are all deplored. But, above all, people dislike sharing a house with another family or even with one person, as many have to do"—a passage which is reminiscent of this extract from a book called *Modern London*, published in 1804: "To live within his own family, free from interruption, contest or intrusion, to have apartments that are clean and warm, adapted to their several purposes and in every respect convenient, is the Englishman's delight."

People's Homes, though compact with detailed information about the domestic habits and domestic ideals of the realist but not always theoretically "artistic" working class—information which may seem irrelevant to consciously aesthetic town planners, mostly belonging to other classes—will, to genuine democrats, prove of great significance and value.

HARRY ROBERTS

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THE STEM OF JESSE

David. By A. Duff Cooper. *Cape.* 10s. 6d.

David, we are told, was "a man after the Lord's own heart; but he was not an honest character. His personal beauty, his poetic gifts, his romantic history—first shepherd, then court musician, then giant-killer, then the beloved of Jonathan, then outlaw—have made him one of the most attractive figures in Old Testament story. And the fact that he completed the work begun by Saul (which was ruined by the evil machinations of Samuel) and at long last united Israel, is a proof that he was not merely a successful politician, but a wise statesman. Of all the usurpers in history he was the most patient, and the most conciliatory: and it is in this connection that Mr. Duff Cooper's very modernised version of the life of David is most satisfactory and most informing. In the establishing of his kingdom after the death of Saul and Jonathan, David waited patiently for seven years; he might have done it more quickly, but with less good results, had he chosen to use more violent means; and if compunction for the part he had played in the dividing of Israel against Saul, and faithful love for his dead friend Jonathan, were the combined reasons for that humaner policy, it stands as a good mark in the mixed record of his life.

But it is disappointing that a biographer who does not regard all Old Testament history as "gospel truth," should have thought it necessary to gloss over the shadier side of David's character; to suggest, for instance, that David did not understand Samuel's act of treachery against Saul, in anointing him King behind Saul's back; for we have clear evidence in David's covenant with Jonathan that he did know quite well what Samuel had done it for. Also he is unduly lenient toward David's life of brigandage, which was the direct outcome of his breach of fidelity to Saul; and when David has promised faithful service to Achish King of Gath, all mention is avoided of his fraudulent expeditions against other cities with which Achish was at peace, and (in order that no word of it should reach Achille) his wholesale slaughter not only of the men, but of the women and children. Later on, over David's affair with Bathsheba in order to condone his treachery toward Uriah, quite gratuitously Mr. Duff Cooper gives Uriah an unpleasant character. Surely none of this was in the least necessary in a book which in other respects is pleasantly free from the shackles of fundamentalism. There was another point in his hero's career which Mr. Duff Cooper does not describe: for the perilous honour of marrying the King's daughter, David was required to provide, in place of a dowry, a hundred foreskins of the Philistines. This condition so delighted him that he provided *two* hundred. Truly a man after the Lord's own heart! Here again, the author has failed to do full justice to the character he set out to adorn. In his final chapter, the writer does, indeed, admit (with a little circumlocution) David's last act of treachery—his injunction on Solomon to kill Shimei whose life David had promised to spare. "It would be easy," he writes, "to gloss over the fact, to conceal it, or cast a doubt upon the veracity of the chronicles, suggesting that the dying words were invented in order to justify the action which Solomon subsequently took. But this is not the kind of fact which a timid chronicler invents."

It is a pity that in other parts of this work Mr. Duff Cooper has himself played the part of a timid chronicler.

Laurence Housman

BAZAINE AND PÉTAIN

The Two Marshals. By Philip Guedalla. *Hodder and Stoughton.* 10s. 6d.

The juxtaposition under one cover of these two marshals of France, Bazaine and Pétain, is dictated by the requirements of Mr. Guedalla's famous antithetical style. At all costs he must enforce a resemblance and a contrast at which to fire off an epigram. "One of them surrendered Metz in 1870 and was sentenced to death, while the other surrendered France in 1940 and was sentenced to become its ruler." (For the sake of accuracy even in an epigram, surely Pétain's sentence is life imprisonment, *not* power.) After this brilliant opening, supported by a photograph of a plaque, specially made for Mr. Guedalla to represent a union of the two marshals in profile, the comparison is mercifully dropped; and each is allowed to develop his biography to himself.

As Pétain is to be treated with antipathy, Bazaine gets a measure of sympathy from the author; although it is hard to rouse sympathy for the career of an ambitious, second-rate, professional soldier. Born in 1811, of humble parentage, Bazaine was always destined for a military career, but he failed to pass into the *Ecole Polytechnique* and had to enlist. He served with the Foreign Legion in Algeria and in the first Carlist war in Spain, and by the time of the Crimean War he had risen to the rank of colonel in command of the First Foreign Legion. In the Crimea and the war with Austria of 1859 he acquitted himself creditably—and no more—as a subordinate general. The opportunity to distinguish himself came in 1862, when he was selected by Napoleon III to command a division in the expedition to Mexico. Bazaine's African experience of guerilla warfare enabled him to defeat the Mexican patriots and keep the country in subjection to the Emperor Maximilian as long as the French troops remained. On the strength of his Mexican success he was promoted Marshal of France, and at the outbreak of the Franco-Prussian war he was given command of the Army of Lorraine. That was the end of his career. Within five weeks he was completely out-generalled by the Prussians, encircled, and shut up in Metz with his entire army. Two months later he surrendered the fortress without a fight. After the war he was court-martialled and sentenced to death, but the sentence was commuted to 20 years' imprisonment. He escaped from prison almost immediately, and spent the last 14 years of his life in exile in Spain. This drab outline naturally gives no idea of Mr. Guedalla's highly-coloured canvas. In Algeria: "his big red epaulettes cast a sharper shadow now in the dusty glare of Africa." In Mexico: "behind him the French columns pounded through the chaparral, watched by the gaunt mountains." At Metz: "it was always raining, as the mist crept up from the Moselle to finger the tall poplars on the straight French roads that led towards the waiting Germans." And so on through the gamut of rhetoric. Even the joy of zeugma is not stale for Mr. Guedalla: "Louis Philippe retired ungracefully from kingship in a four-wheeled cab and the unlikely name of Mr. Smith." The jauntiness of the style masks a formidable effort of research to authenticate the details of Bazaine's history; and the portrait is probably a true likeness of the man, despite the flamboyant manner.

Pétain's career is summarised in a witticism: Vidi, Vici, Vichy. Under present circumstances bias is natural enough in our estimate of Pétain, but there is no necessity for Mr. Guedalla to underrate his ability as a soldier because of his latter-day infirmity as a politician. After all, Pétain first exercised political power at an age when even Mr. Gladstone had decided it was time finally to retire from politics. (He was 84 in 1940.) As a general his record compares favourably with that of any other in the last war. Mr. Guedalla harps upon his "defeatism"; the term by which the Foch-Wilson school of

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hought stigmatised anyone who refused to think hat all attacks would be successful, except those of the enemy. But until 1918 he was right, and Foch was wrong. Clemenceau jokingly called him "le plus défensif de nos chefs"; and in defence he was superb. Verdun in 1916 and Champagne in July, 1918, are the great victories to his credit. But the way in which he restored the morale of the French army after the mutinies of 1917, though more obscure, is a proof of the confidence he always inspired in his troops—a confidence they did not extend to Foch, the apostle of the offensive *à outrance*. He made mistakes; all generals do. His greatest mistake was in March, 1918, when he proposed to abandon the British army at a pinch in order to keep the French army together. This led to a quarrel with Haig and his supersession by Foch as generalissimo. Mr. Guedalla dates his hostility to England from this wound to his vanity, a surmise that may well be true. His present crime is to have lived too long. Had he died before Hitler, his fame would have been untarnished. All the same, when Mr. Guedalla dedicated *The Two Marshals* "A toutes les gloires de la France," he might have remembered Verdun.

RALPH PARTRIDGE

SCHOLARSHIP AND BEAUTY

Lucretia Borgia: The Chronicle of Tebaldeo Tebaldei. By ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE. Commentary and Notes by Randolph Hughes. *The Golden Cockerel Press.* £4 4s.

Amid the general agonies of war, and the peculiar inconveniences of such a war as this is, a few chosen beings do keep alight the torch of scholarship and/or beauty (for the one does not by any means pre-suppose the other), an inheritance for future generations at least as valuable as four-engined bombers or dehydrated eggs. One must respect them. Saint Benedict founded his holy and learned order while Totila was laying waste the realm of Italy. But his monks did withdraw from active life in a society which respected their abstinence. And though books were, then as now, scattered and concealed about the Continent, they were not seeking any particular authority for any special purpose. They copied what they had. Research to-day encounters every difficulty, physical and spiritual. And so does printing, when materials and skilled labour are almost unobtainable except for work of national importance, viz., propaganda. And this volume I am trying to review serves no useful purpose. We could win or lose the war without it. Government departments might say that we could win or lose the peace without it. And yet, if the love of truth and beauty is wiped out, as it well might be in a land where all that is not practical is held in such contempt, shall we have won anything? A sound critical edition, beautifully produced, of an imaginative study of some of the most remarkable characters in history, is then, even in such times as these are, not without value for the future we hope to realise before we die.

This is an exquisite and scholarly edition of Swinburne's unfinished Chronicle of the House of Borgia. Lucretia, to whom he was introduced by Victor Hugo and Alexandre Dumas, an odd, unscholarly couple, inspired in Swinburne a passion which never wholly waned. And though his sources were so unorthodox, yet his imagination and poetic understanding helped him to create of her a portrait far nearer to the truth than any we find in the studies of more respectable historians. Mr. Hughes, who knows the period as a scholar should and has read all the contemporary sources, reveals in his commentary and notes just how little history Swinburne knew. It is little enough to make one shudder. In spite of that, however, here are the Borgias as they almost certainly were: physically and intellectually remarkable, irresistibly delightful, enjoying life as even the Pagans seldom enjoyed it, though *pagan* is the adjective that springs to one's mind, so very far from Christian were their qualities. Cruel but not disgusting, immoral but not vicious, they were like brilliant children who have learned to play with life and get a lot out of it, but have not developed what is perhaps the hall-mark of the complete human adult: a sense of the sanctity of life.

Mr. Hughes has done his part of the work admirably. One may regret at times a peevish note not uncommon to scholars, and understandable to-day when the scholar who persists in his researches must feel, if only subconsciously, a moral disadvantage. The plodding historian like myself may, justifiably, wish such learning could be applied to a critical edition of one of the sources, Infessura or Burchard perhaps. How useful that would be, and how much more boring! Mr. Hughes' learning directed upon Swinburne's imaginative ignorance creates one of the most tantalising effects I have ever encountered. And the Golden Cockerel Press has made a lovely book, in spite of, even because of, war restrictions. A sample page is given of this book as it should have been but for "compliance with the national war effort," set in Poliphilus 16-pt. type. Actually I prefer the smaller close-set type enforced by economy. It gives an agreeable denseness to the page, and what a large folio should have, a lot of reading before the leaf is turned.

FLORA GRIERSON

Solidarity. Vol. 2. Edited by JACQUES MÉTADIER. *Harrap.* 7s. 6d.

The second volume of this inter-allied anthology shows a great advance on the first. The general articles with which it opens include an able argument for the determination of principles on which to found the peace settlement by Professor Métadier, and a very interesting speculation about "supra-national" economic planning in such matters as communications and agriculture by G. D. H. Cole. His survey of the possibilities gains from his steady consciousness of the influence which the United States and Russia must exercise, whether by their co-operation with, or by their abstention from, European organisation. M. de Baer's article *Le Châtiment des Crimes de Guerre* should be read by all those who either support or disapprove of the United Nations' policy of punishment for war criminals. It is a scholarly and judicial study, in which the author, who is perhaps the greatest expert in this field, is far from making light of the difficulties, both legal and practical, involved in implementing post-war retribution. There are five articles on the political institutions of various of the allies. Mr. Wickham Steed is entertaining on the British spirit, and M. Waclaw Kormarnicki illuminating on the history which underlies the Polish Republic. This collection of national definitions is a valuable idea; after all, the union of the allies should rest not only on sentiment, but on mutual knowledge.

Roses in Colour and Cultivation. T. C. MANSFIELD. *Collins.* 21s.

This book is the second in what promises to be a useful and attractive series. The first part of the text consists of ten short chapters on propagation and cultivation. Selected lists of varieties for special purposes are given and the author's instructions are concise and clear. Schism has recently reared its ugly head in the rose world and many enthusiasts are divided between "short" pruning and the new heresy of "long" pruning. Mr. Mansfield, though probably a "short" pruner by birth, upbringing and conviction, states the case for "long" pruning fully and fairly. The remainder of the text—nearly two-thirds—comprises probably the most complete and informative list of roses, including species and old-

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shioned, now in print. In addition to a description, code gives every needed particular from the name f the introducer and date to the colour as matched ith the Royal Horticultural Society's Colour Chart—e second volume of which, incidentally, is now vailable. The book is illustrated with eighty coloured lates, and great pains have been taken to secure delity. Some of the difficulties encountered were reat. The warmth of the artificial lights opened uds, petals moved with a speed of 1/40th of an inch er second, and stamens withered during exposure. One well-known variety successfully defied all at-empts to photograph it. Several of the reproductions e outstanding examples of the craft and could not e bettered—for instance, Mermaid and Ophelia. If thers are less successful, it can be said that the whole e a decided advance on the usual coloured illustra-ions found in gardening books.

Week-end Competitions

No. 693

et by S. Smiles

Competitors are invited to submit quotations in erse or prose applicable to the Allied victory in orth Africa. The usual prizes of four guineas are ffered for the happiest finds.

ULES—

1. Envelopes should be marked with the number f the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and hould be addressed to COMPETITIONS, 10 Great urnstile, W.C.1. Solutions must reach the Editor y first post on Monday, May 24th.

2. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves e right to print in part or as a whole any matter nt in, whether it be awarded a prize or not. MSS. nnot be returned. When no entries reach the quired standard no prize will be awarded.

ESULT OF COMPETITION No. 690

et by G. W. Stonier

The usual prizes are offered for the best poem, of not more than 16 lines, mentioning snails, Easter, Mrs. Eddy, ingratitude, porridge, a lost glove and the Orinoco.

eport by G. W. Stonier

This proved to be a very popular, but not a very ccessful, competition. While it was easy enough to ramble through somehow to produce a sort of point-o-point in verse, convincing poems of any description ere rare. The key-words led more to travel and rn-spinning, and less to surrealism, nonsense hymes, the metaphysicals, and the serious lyric than I had hoped. "Orinoco" and "Mrs. Eddy" seem to have been most intractable, and "cocoa" and "ready" bobbed up with depressing frequency as rhymes. Snails involved Browning's thorn, porridge stuck to Keats. However, there was some variety of subject and approach. "Don Johnne" (name and address, please) mixed the good and bad of his original brilliantly, and gets a first prize of two guineas. Second prize of one guinea to Peter Quince. Third prizes of half-a-guinea each to N. P. Meadway and H. Roxbee Cox.

Rap like a Thrush, briske Easter-angells, bidde
Oure shrunken Soules peer forth, like blinde Eyes
    hidde
In the oblique whorls of a selfe wrapped Snaile.
Wee're dim darke lanterns, and oure ingrate Horn
Still thickens, rammish-twisted, a male glove
        Against the Touch of Love.
Oure vain Perspectives blinde vs still; we scorne
Calm seas, and still by feverous rivers sayle.

Wee're Spouts, meer Whirlwindes, Vortices of
    Breath,
Unaxelled till that Mistress-Eddie, Faith,
Healing, stirres up the insubstantiall Wee
From earth-and-water gruel, slime of Sense.
        We lie not naked to the hands of love
        Till we have lost the Courtier's, Soldier's,
            glove.
Crack me, then, strip, vntwist mee, poure back
    thence
My savage Orinoquoo to Thy sea.

(Don Johnne)

Editorial Notes:

4. *Lanterns* were "glassed" with *horn*, which is here identified with the material of the snail-shell.

5. *Rammish*: a pun on the twisted horn of the ram, regarded as a symbol of licentiousness, etc.
male: qy. *mail*? We retain Johnne's spelling.

7. *Perspectives*: telescopes. Associated with the retractible "eyes" (horns) of the snail.

8–9. A curious parallel to Descartes' theory of vortices.

9. *Mistress-Eddie*: that impetus which controls us like a mistress. It would be pleasant to assume that Johnne had anticipated *faith healing*, but the punctuation of the original makes this dubious.

16. An abrupt return to the voyage-of-discovery imagery of the first stanza, introduced by the conceited association of the telescope with the snail-horn.

The lines show Johnne at his most tortuous, and the reader may be sympathised with if he wishes that more of the "vntwisting" process had preceded their composition.

Revelation! Revolution!

Easter mornin' on de Orinoco—
    (Stow away dem idols, it's de god of love!)
Ole Mrs. Eddy come a-waltzin' on de whirlwind,
Seekin' for de lambkin, lookin' for de pigskin—
    Ole Mrs. Eddy hunt her one lost glove!

Winklin' sluggards like snails from de shell-whorls,
    Feedin' 'em wid porridge from de hats she's
        chewed,
Ole Mrs. Eddy comes a-bikin' on de cyclone,
Spinnin' like a vortex, dizzy in de cortex,
    Decapitulatin' man's ingratitude!

Will o' de wisp lies waitin' in de swirlpools,
    Gyratin' spirits rise in spiral whirls,
Ole Mrs. Eddy comes a-twirlin' in de typhoon—
I'se got vertiginous—pigeon-house religinous—
    For ole Mrs. Eddy and her corkscrew curls!

(Peter Quince)

Mr. Jones.

Mr. Jones, so I've heard say,
Always has porridge on Easter Day,
And then goes looking for snails on stones;
Morose, eccentric Mr. Jones!

Mr. Jones is always ready
To talk about Mary Baker Eddy.
His other tastes are cups of cocoa,
And books about the Orinoco!

Mr. Jones once found a glove,
Mr. Jones has been crossed in love;
Mr. Jones will dream for hours
About cats, and castellated towers.

Mr. Jones is introspective,
He never uses sharp invective.
The only things that make him rude
Are trumpets, and ingratitude.

(N. P. Meadway)

Nursery Rhyme.

"Where are you going to, little Mrs. Eddy?"
"Up the Orinoco to catch a new Teddy."
"Where are you going to, little Mrs. Swales?"
"Up the Mississippi to catch a few snails."
"And where are *you* going to, little Mrs. Horridge?"
"Up to the heathen to take them some porridge."

And little Mrs. Eddy lost her tippet on the way,
And little Mrs. Swales lost her glove;
But little Mrs. Horridge got an Easter egg
From the heathen with their very best love.

So those who complain of the heathen's ingratitude
For civilised benefits must change their attitude.

(H. Roxbee Cox)

Company Meeting

ALLIANCE ASSURANCE COMPANY

The Annual General Court of the Members the Alliance Assurance Company Limited ill be held at the Offices of the Company n the 26th of May.

The following is an extract from the Re-iew by the Chairman, Mr. Richard Durant rotter, which has been circulated with the port and accounts:—

In the Life Department, the net new busi-ess completed during the year amounted to 1,401,180, against £1,118,485 for 1941.

The claims by death in 1942 amounted to 81,444. The corresponding figures for the wo previous years were £573,104 in 1941 and 26,027 in 1940.

At the close of the year the Alliance Life nd Annuity Funds amounted to £23,346,453, gainst £23,141,164 on 31st December, 1941.

The amount received in premiums on inking Fund and Capital Redemption ccount during the year was £86,137, and fter provision for claims, commission and penses, the Fund at the end of the year mounted to £2,124,692.

In the Fire Department, the net premiums, mounting to £2,261,430, show an increase of 132,058 over those of 1941. The claims were eavier than in 1941, and, together with ntributions to Fire Brigades, amounted to 740,381.

The Directors have strengthened the Addi-onal Reserve in the Fire Department by 00,000. The surplus, after making this crease in the Additional Reserve and after djusting the reserve for unexpired risks, is 282,962, which has been carried to Profit nd Loss Account.

You will be glad to learn that the over-as business of the Company has increased during the year and that it produced a satisfactory profit.

In the Accident Department, the premium income has fallen by £81,282, which is more than accounted for by the reduction in premiums received on the Motor Account.

The result of the year, after adjusting the reserves for unexpired risks, was a surplus of £236,848, which has been carried to Profit and Loss Account.

In the Marine Department the net premiums were £1,674,204, which is an increase of £612,925 over that for 1941.

The Underwriting Account for 1940 has now been closed, with a balance of £151,408, which is £8,060 higher than the balance for 1939. £11,029 has been set aside to meet further claims, and, in addition, your Directors have considered it advisable to increase the Reserve Fund for previous years, which has stood for some time at £300,000, to £350,000. The remaining surplus of the 1940 account, viz., £90,379, has been carried to Profit and Loss.

The Trustee Department continues to make progress and the funds now being administered total approximately £16,500,000 (excluding Debenture Trusteeships and the like).

The Stock Exchange securities (all funds) appreciated in value during the year, but the gross rate of interest on the Members' Fund and the Life and Annuity Funds has again slightly declined. The total amount invested during the year in Government War Loans reached approximately £1,140,000, in addition to some £160,000 on behalf of the various Pension Funds.

If you now refer to the Profit and Loss Account you will see that we have transferred £100,000 to Reserve, which will bring the Reserve up to £2,000,000. We have again transferred the sum of £50,000 to Staff Pension Fund and increased our contributions to the Widows' and Orphans' Fund to £34,576. We have also considered it prudent to allot £30,727 to reduction in the value of office premises.

NATIONAL BANK OF INDIA

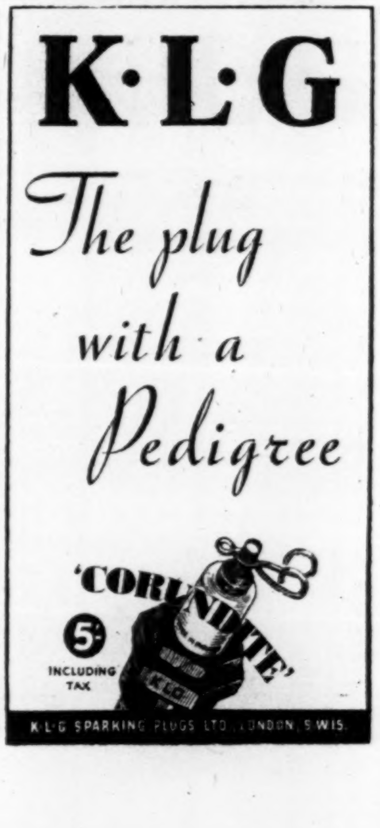
DIVIDEND MAINTAINED

The ordinary general meeting of the National Bank of India, Ltd., will be held in London on May 25.

The following is an extract from the statement by the chairman (Mr. R. Langford James), circulated with the report and accounts:

Owing to wartime conditions we deemed it expedient to make a final distribution from the profits by means of a second interim dividend, the rate for the year being 14 per cent., the same as on account of 1941. Although we have had to make materially increased provision for taxation, the net amount of profit carried to the balance-sheet shows but little change from that of the previous year; actually it is slightly larger.

The totals on each side of the balance-sheet show an increase of £8,800,000 over those of the previous year. On the liabilities side there is an increase by that amount under the heading of current, fixed deposit and other accounts. The greater proportion of this increase is in our deposits in India, which reflects the flow of money into the hands of the public there as a result of war expenditure. On the assets side, cash and money at call show an increase of £6,800,000, while British and Indian Government securities are higher by £2,100,000. Bills of Exchange, which include Treasury bills, have increased by £3,000,000, the whole of this increase being in Treasury bills. Discounts and loans receivable are lower by £2,800,000. The ratio of the combined items of cash and Government securities to our current accounts, fixed deposits and other accounts is 70 per cent.



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